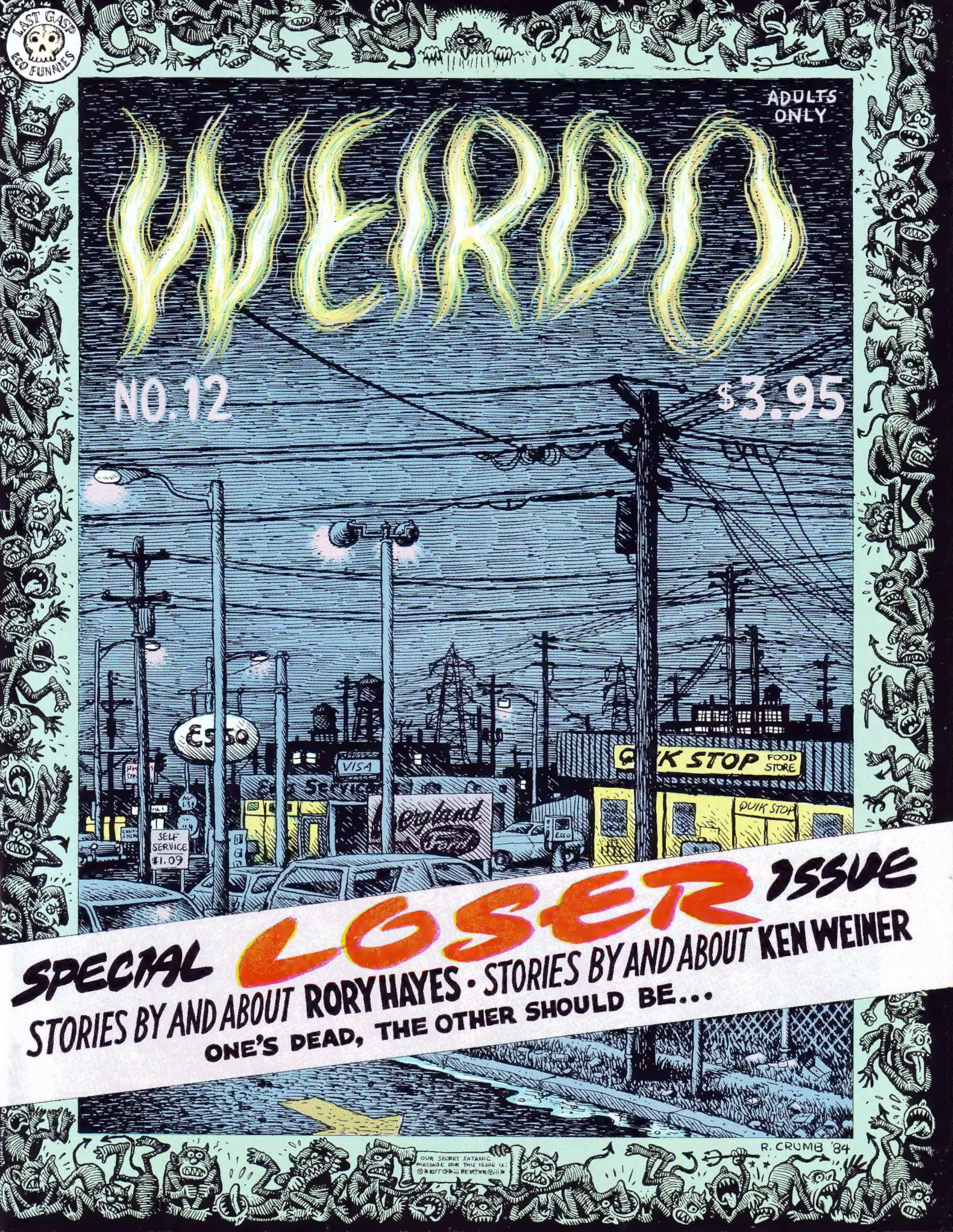
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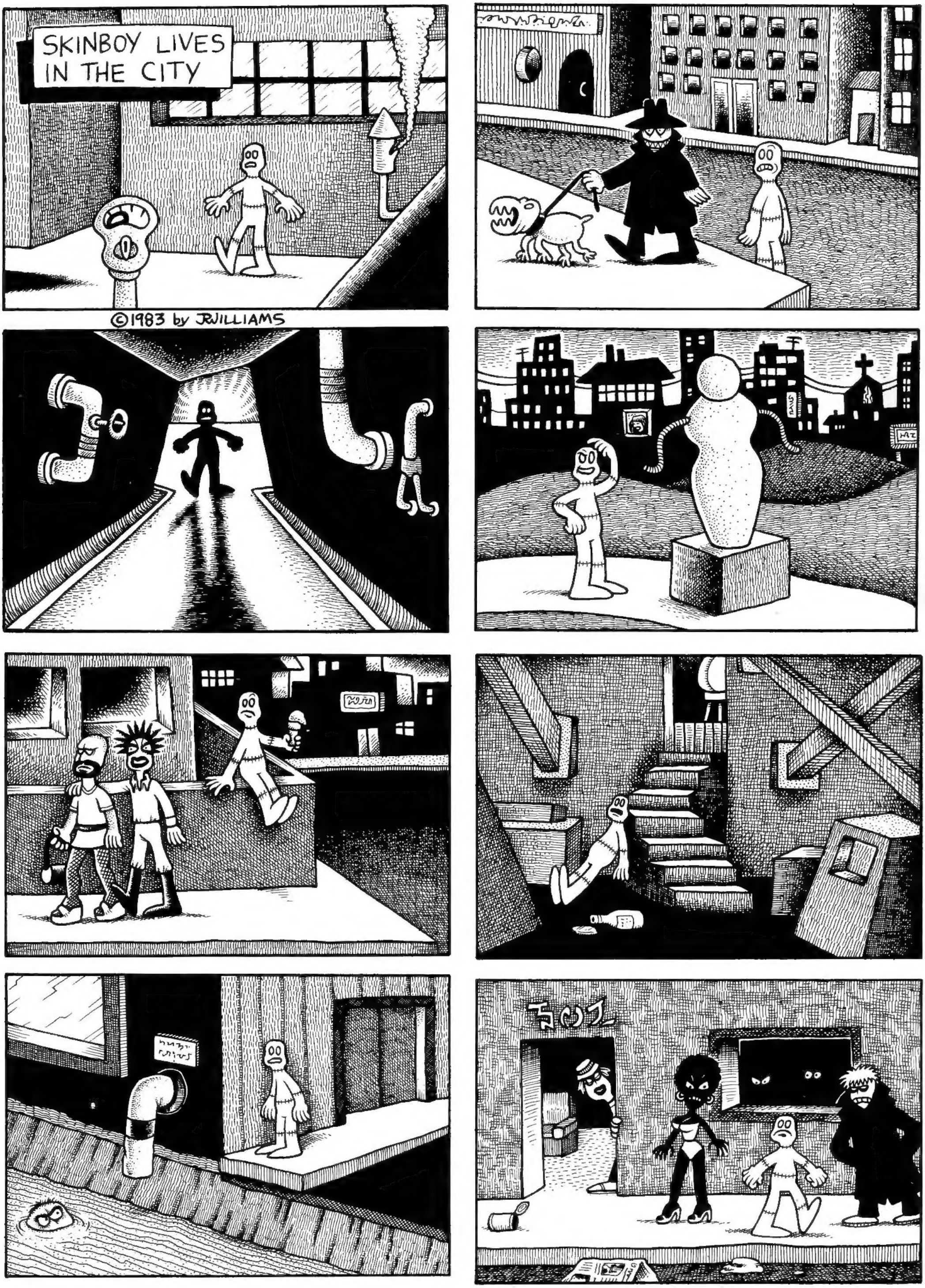
STORIES BY AND ABOUT RORY HAYES · STORIES BY AND ABOUT KEN WEINER
ONE'S DEAD, THE OTHER SHOULD BE...
OUR SECRET SATANIC MESSAGE FOR THIS ISSUE IS:
R. CRUMB '84


SKINBOY LIVES IN THE CITY
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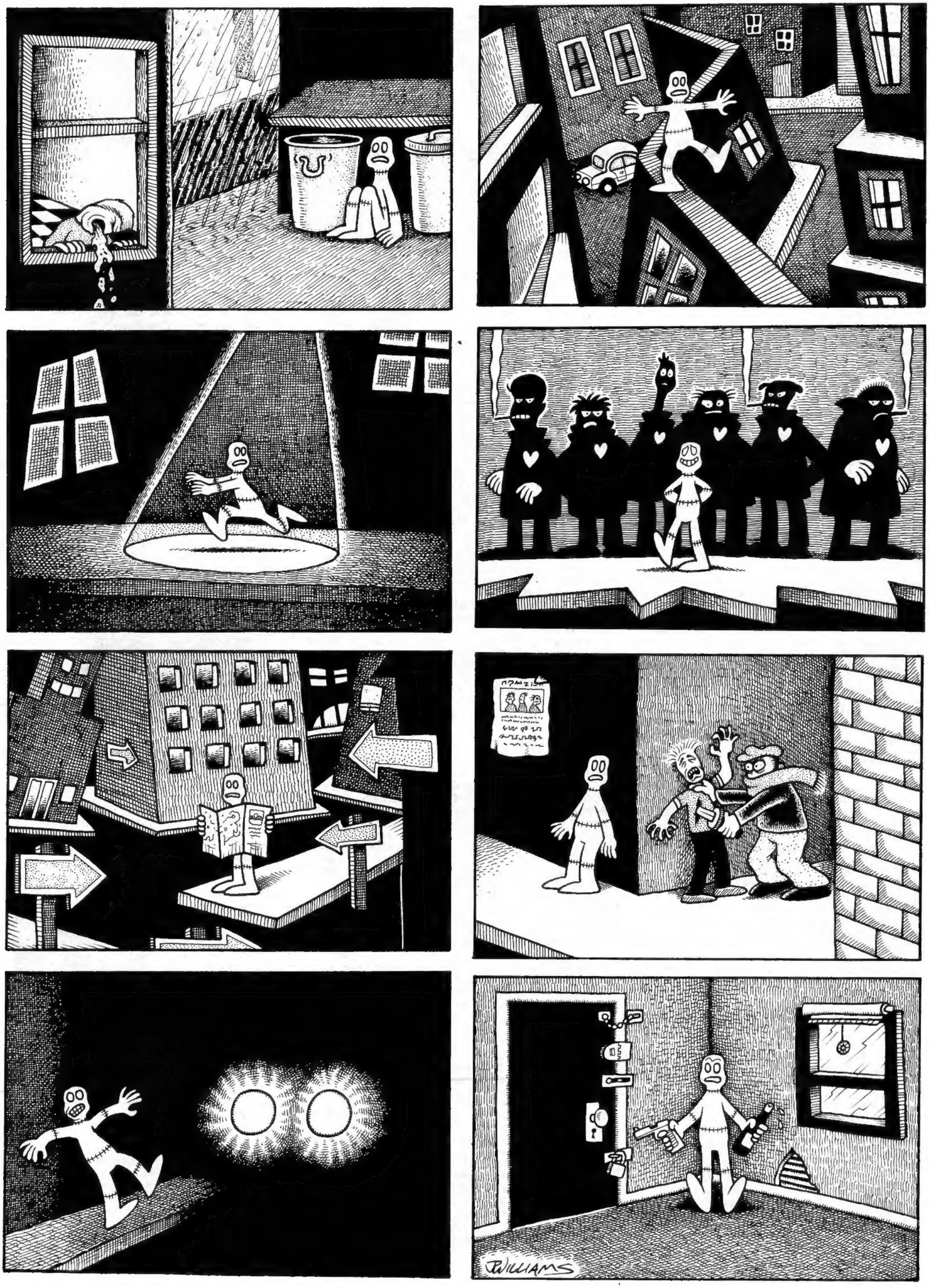

JWILLIAMS

NUMBER 12 · · WINTER, 1985

"EVERYBODY IS A LOT UGLIER THAN THEY THINK THEY ARE." —KEN WEINER.

RORY HAYES
AN APPRECIATION
BY BILL GRIFFITH

RORY HAYES ARRIVED AT MY FRONT DOOR ONE DAY IN 1975 BLOODIED AND DISHEVELED AND ASKING FOR A GLASS OF MILK. "HOW ARE YOU TODAY, BILL?," HE SAID, "I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN SOME TIME." A HALF-HOUR LATER HE LEFT WITH SIX DOLLARS AND A STORY ABOUT MEETING SOMEONE "IN A PHONE BOOTH ON MISSION STREET."

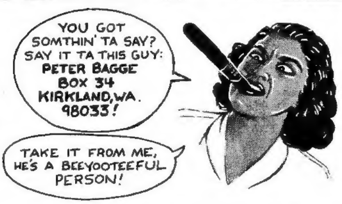
RORY WAS THE DOUANIER ROUSSEAU OF THE SAN FRANCISCO UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE, SOFT-SPOKEN AND KIND, A VISIONARY MADMAN BUBBLING UNDER THE SURFACE. DURING HIS BEST YEARS HE CREATED SOME OF THE MOST PERSONAL, GROTESQUE, FUNNY, AND GENUINELY HORRIFYING "COMIC ART" EVER PRODUCED. HIS VISION WAS INSPIRED BY A BIZARRE MIX OF E.C. HORROR STORIES, CHILDHOOD FEARS, AND A DRUG RECIPE (CONSISTING LARGELY OF METHAMPHETAMINES) FOR WHICH HE WAS ALWAYS SCOUTING UP THE INGREDIENTS. HE WAS, IN PERSON, AS DISCONCERTING AS HIS "NUTS-BOY STRIPS". I MUST CONFESS, I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT, IF RORY HADN'T BEEN SUCH A GREAT CARTOONIST, HE WOULD HAVE MADE A FINE AXE-MURDERER.

...THE SANTA CRUZ BUS STATION, CIRCA 1972. RORY ARRIVES HOLDING A PAPER BAG (HIS LUGGAGE), HIGH ON SPEED AND CLUTCHING HIS WELFARE CHECK. HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHY HE TOOK THE TRIP 75 MILES SOUTH FROM SAN FRANCISCO, BUT, FULL OF ENERGY, CHECKS INTO A NEARBY HOTEL. THAT NIGHT HE MANAGES TO CASH HIS MONTHLY STIPEND WITH THE MOTEL MANAGER, ALL IN QUARTERS. THESE HE PROCEEDS TO PUMP INTO THE "MASSAGE-O-MATIC" BED IN HIS BUNGALOW UNTIL EVERY COIN IS GONE. HE RETURNS HOME THE NEXT DAY, BROKE BUT STILL VIBRATING...

RORY'S WORK IN THE UNDERGROUNDS WENT LARGELY UNAPPRECIATED. I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT HIS STUFF BELONGED MORE IN AN ART GALLERY THAN A COMIC BOOK. IMAGE OVER-SHADOWED STORY-LINE IN MOST OF HIS STRIPS, THOUGH THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA WAS ALWAYS IMPORTANT. HIS STRIPS ARE MOSTLY ABOUT FEAR AND REVENGE. SOMETIMES THE PRIMAL FEAR OF A CHILD TERRORIZED BY "ADULT" MONSTERS (HIS "POOH-BEAR" CHARACTER IS AS EQUALLY FRIGHTENING AS IT IS FRIGHTENED BY "GRANNY CRACKBAGGY") OR THE TERROR RAMPAGE OF A DEMON FROM THE GRAVE. BUT THERE IS A GENUINE CHARM TO THE WHOLE BLOODY MESS THAT SAVES IT FROM FALLING VICTIM TO THE HORROR TALE FORMULA IT RE-WORKED. RORY'S COMICS CAME KICKING AND SCREAMING OUT OF HIS TORMENTED PSYCHE, UNADULTURATED BY "PROFESSIONAL" TECHNIQUE. NOTHING EVER PRODUCED BY THE E.C. COMICS HORROR MASTERS OF THE 50's CAME NEAR THE AUTHENTIC VISION OF A RORY HAYES NIGHTMARE.

...DON DONAHUE'S STOREFRONT ON VELENCIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO, 1971. RORY IS HAVING A SHOWING OF HIS 8MM FILMS FEATURING HIMSELF, HIS BROTHER AND HIS MOTHER. THE FILMS (GORY. FEAR-FILLED) ARE SILENT, SO RORY PROVIDES THE LIVE NARRATION. THE "ACTORS" ALL HAVE FICTICIOUS NAMES BUT RORY CONSTANTLY SLIPS INTO THE FIRST PERSON AS HE DESCRIBES THE ACTION: "HERE I'M—I MEAN RUDOLFO, IS ENTERING MY MOTHER'S—I MEAN LINDA'S BEDROOM... I RAISE THE KNIFE... I MEAN HE RAISES THE KNIFE... AND I PLUNGE IT DEEP INTO MY MOTHER'S HEART... I MEAN LINDA'S HEART..."

HIS STRIP IN THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO IS ONE OF HIS FINEST UNPUBLISHED STORIES. GOODBYE RORY, AND REST EASY.


YOU GOT SOMTHIN' TA SAY? SAY IT TA THIS GUY: PETER BAGGE BOX 34 KIRKLAND, WA. 98033!
TAKE IT FROM ME, HE'S A BEEYOOTEEFUL PERSON!

*FIRST OFF, I'D LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE FOR THE **OVERWHELMINGLY ENTHUSIASTIC** RESPONSE WE'VE RECEIVED OVER WEIRDO #11. THAT'S RIGHT, HARD AS IT MAY BE TO BELIEVE PEOPLE ACTUALLY **LIKED** THE THING! I WONDER WHAT WE'RE DOING WRONG?..*

*...NOW, SOMEONE HAD COMPLAINED TO ME THAT THE WEIRDO LETTERS PAGE READS LIKE AN "ARTIST'S BULLSHIT SESSION"—THAT WE DON'T PRINT ENOUGH LETTERS FROM "JUST PLAIN FOLKS". BUT THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS WE RECEIVE VERY FEW LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO AREN'T CARTOONISTS, OR ARTIST'S OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER. COULD IT BE THAT THERE JUST AREN'T ANY **DEGENERATE PLUMBERS** OUT THERE, ANY **COMPUTER SALESMEN** WHO HAVE **PECULIAR TASTES** IN READING MATERIAL?... COULD IT BE THAT WEIRDO IS AN "ARTIST'S MAGAZINE"?! **EW, YUCK! HEAVEN FORBID!!!***

*C'MON YOU PEOPLE, DON'T BE AFRAID TO WRITE. DON'T BE PUT OFF BY OUR FLIPPANT ATTITUDE—THAT'S JUST A FRONT. YOUR OPINIONS CARRY A LOT MORE WEIGHT THAN YOU'D IMAGINE. I MEAN HEY, THIS IS **YOUR** MAGAZINE, YOU **PAY FOR IT!** AND YOU CAN HELP MAKE IT A **BETTER** MAGAZINE, BUT ALL YA GOTTA DO IS WRITE! SO C'MON AND BE A PART OF THAT **WEIRDO THANG!***

*...BY THE WAY, THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO IS DEDICATED TO ALL YOU **LOSERS** OUT THERE. HEY, THIS BUD'S FOR YOU!*

DEAR PETER,

CONGRADULATIONS ON HAVING THE JOB OF EDITING WEIRDO. ASIDE FROM OUR SACRED PUBLICATIONS—WHICH WE NEVER HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO PRINT—IT IS THE BEST.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I WAS SO IMPRESSED BY #10, THAT AFTER READING IT ON MY THRONE OF EXCREMEDICATION, I IMMEDIATELY WENT OUT AND BLOOD SACRIFICED THREE STRAY KITTENS TO **WOTON** AS AN OFFERING TO KEEP YOUR SALES UP. (DON'T WORRY, NO BAD VIBES WILL ACRUE YOU BECAUSE OF THIS, WE DO IT ALL VERY SCIENTIFICALLY.) ANYWAY, I THINK WHAT REALLY MAKES WEIRDO IMPORTANT IS THE "TRUE LIFE" STORY ANGLE. THERE ARE PATHETIC, WRETCHED, NERDY KIDS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY WHO THINK THAT THEY ARE THE **ONLY ONE**, TOTALLY ALONE. THEN THEY FIND WEIRDO, DISCOVER THAT THERE ARE OTHER ABNORMALS, AND ARE INSPIRED TO PERHAPS SOMEDAY APPLY THEIR OWN TALENTS TO THE ART OF WEIRDNESS. **YOUR MAGAZINE HAS PROBABLY PREVENTED THE SUICIDES OF SOME OF THE NEXT GENERATIONS TRUE GENIUSES!** "BOB" KNOWS, I MYSELF WOULD HAVE SELF-ANNIHILATED AS A TEEN HAD THERE NOT BEEN UNDERGROUND COMICS, ZAPPA, FIRESIGN THEATER, STUFF LIKE THAT AROUND. AND I SEE WEIRDO ON THE COFFEE TABLES OF SUBGENIUS HIGH-PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

"MIDWESTERN WEDDING", "DELIRIOUS" AND "THE REJECT" WERE MY FAVES, BUT I LIKED EVERYTHING AND TAKE HEED: **PAY ABSOLUTELY NO ATTENTION TO THE WIMP-DICK HOITY-TOITY INTELLECTUAL SNOTS + PINK BOYS WHO SAY YOU SHOULDN'T RUN THE CRUDE, BADLY-DRAWN PSYCHO-PIECES AND SUCH LIKE!** WHAT YOUR PEE-HEAD "CRITICS" ARE TOO SNOOTY FOR IS EXACTLY WHAT GIVES YOUR MAGAZINE **TRUE INTEGRITY**. ASSHOLES WHO LIKE TO CRITICIZE ALL WRITE LETTERS, BUT THERE ARE TEN TIMES AS MANY PEOPLE WHO LOVE WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BUT ARE JUST TOO SLACKFUL TO LET YOU KNOW.

—REVEREND IVAN STANG,
DALLAS, TX

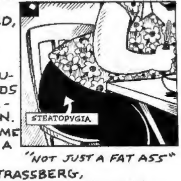
—THE RIGHT REVEREND WANTS ALL TO KNOW THAT THE LATEST ISSUE OF THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL HAS JUST COME OUT. "THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE CHURCH OF THE SUB GENIUS" IS PROFOUND, INSIGHTFUL AND ENTERTAINING—MUST READING FOR PEOPLE OF ALL FAITHS!—P.O. BOX 140306, DALLAS, TEXAS 75214.

DEAR WEIRDOS,

I'M VERY FOND OF YOUR MAGAZINE, ESPECIALLY FOR IT'S ARTIST'S PERSPECTIVES, WHICH TEND TO EMPHASIZE BIG BUTTOCKS.

BUT, WHEN YOU USE MY FAVORITE WORD, PLEASE GET IT RIGHT. **STEATOPYGIA** IS A SEXUALLY DESIRABLE TRAIT. IT IS AN EVOLUTIONARY PLUS WHICH AIDS IN ITS OWNERS SELECTION FOR REPRODUCTION.

IT IS NOT THE SAME AS CELLULITE OR JUST A FAT ASS.



"NOT JUST A FAT ASS"

— RICHARD STRASSBERG,
PROFESSOR OF BUTTOLOGY

HELLO PETER,

...SPEAKING OF SICK, LET ME CONGRADULATE YOU ON WEIRDO #11. SOME THINGS I LIKED BETTER THAN OTHERS, BUT IT CONTINUES TO BE A SLICK AND PROFESSIONAL (*?!-ED.*) LOOKING MAG, AND HOPEFULLY WILL NEVER STOP.

KAZ'S PIX ON THE BACK WAS WONDERFUL, THE COLORS ESPECIALLY. "FARMER BROWN" CRACKED ME UP AND BRUCE CARLETON!!! AS THE CHECKERED DEMON WOULD SAY "...NICE...". SAVAGE PENCIL HAS ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL STYLES I'VE SEEN IN AGES, AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THAT "MARTINI BATON" IS ONE CRAZY LOOKIN' CARTOON! AS ONE RAISED IN THE (AS I ALWAYS LIKE TO SAY) **ONLY TRUE RELIGION IN THE WORLD,** YOUR "JESUS CRITTERS" CAUGHT MY EYE.

IS THAT YOU AND YOUR WIFE IN THOSE PHOTOS? IF IT IS YOU LOOK PRETTY GROOVY!

...INNA GADDA DA VIDA,

— MARY FLEENER,
ENCINITAS, CA

*—**NO WAY** IS THAT ME! AND DO YOU THINK I'D ALLOW MY WIFE TO APPEAR IN THIS LOWLY PUBLICATION?!. THESE ARE JUST A COUPLE OF ODDBALLS I FOUND WANDERING THE STREETS OF HOBOKEN. IN EXCHANGE FOR A 6-PACK, THEY WERE MORE THAN WILLING TO POSE FOR THESE EMBARRASSING PHOTOS. THE POOR SLOBS.*

"NOT THE BAGGES!"

HI PETER!

...I REALLY ENJOYED #11. YOU'VE DONE A TRULY FINE JOB! CRUMB'S COVER WAS EXCELLENT! IT REMINDS ME OF WHEN I WAS WORKING WITH A BUNCH OF BLOODY VIVISECTIONISTS AT THE LOCAL UNIVERSITY WHO USED THESE LIZARDS THAT LOOKED A LOT LIKE CRUMB'S TIT-SUCK SALAMANDER. STILL, I YEARN FOR A COVER BY YOU—DOES CRUMB HAVE OPTIONS ON THE COVERS OR WOT?! (*CRUMB MUST DO ALL THE COVERS! IT SEZ SO IN THE BIBLE!-ED.*) ALSO—NOW DON'T THINK I DON'T LIKE CRUMB 'CUZ I DO—BUT "GOLDILOCKS" WAS CYNICAL, JADED,

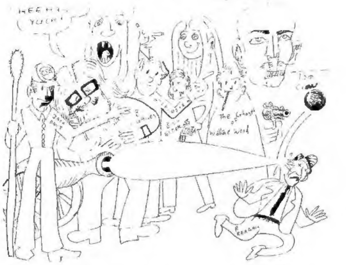
WEIRDO NUMBER 12, WINTER, 1985. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES,

BUT MOST OF ALL **NOT FUNNY!** "LOVE'S LIKE THAT" WAS MORE LIKE IT, BOBBO. GREAT STUFF! "POLITICALLY CORRECT SEX"! NYAH HA HA HA!

..."FERVID TORPOR" WAS WITHOUT A DOUBT MY FAVE PIECE IN THIS ISH. ALWAYS LOVED CARLETON'S STUFF, BUT NONE OF HIS PAST WORK HAD THE DEPTH + MAGNITUDE OF "TORPOR" —EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL **AND** FUNNY. HIS DRAWING STYLE USED TO REMIND ME OF RAYMOND PETTIBONE, BUT THIS STUFF BLOWS PETTIBONE **OUT!**...

...AS FOR "TWO JEWS FROM YONKERS," I'D READ IT IN PROSE FORM IN TELE TIMES, AND I DUG IT THEN AS WELL AS NOW. DEITCH IS A LONG-TIME FAVE OF MINE—ALOT OF THE OLD U.G. ARTISTS **PLAYED** AT BEING "WEIRD" OR "OFF-BEAT," BUT READING DEITCH'S COMICS, **YOU KNEW THIS GUY WAS FOR REAL!**

—JOHN E.,
WICHITA, KS

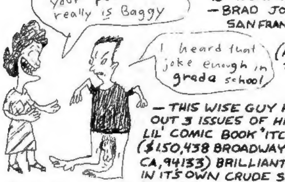


—THIS DRAWING ABOVE THAT "SAYS IT ALL" WAS SENT IN BY TOM CROW OF SAN FRANCISCO, CA. THANKS TOM!

DEAR PETER BAGGE,

IS YOUR NAME PRONOUNCED "BAH-ZHEY," "BOG", OR "BAGGY"? WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE YOUR NAME TO SOMETHING A TYPICAL COMIC FAN CAN FIGURE OUT? (*IT'S PRONOUNCED "BAG", AS IN BURLAP—ed.*) WEIRDO #10 IS MY FAVORITE ISSUE YET...YOU'RE GOOD AS EDITOR. CRUMB'S LETTERING WAS STARTING TO ANNOY ME. BUT CRUMB'S GOOD, YOU'RE GOOD, EVERYBODY'S GOOD, I LIKED EVERYTHING, LIFE IS WORTHWHILE.

—BRAD JOHNSON
SAN FRANCISCO, CA


ha ha your peter really is Baggy
I heard that joke enough in grada school

(ACTUALLY, THAT'S A FIRST.)

—THIS WISE GUY HAS PUT OUT 3 ISSUES OF HIS OWN LIL' COMIC BOOK "ITCHY SCALY" ($1.50, 438 BROADWAY ST., S.F., CA, 94133) BRILLIANT + FUNNY, IN IT'S OWN CRUDE SORT OF WAY. ALSO CHECK OUT BRAD'S "WAX-PAPER" STRIP IN THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO.—ED.

PETER,

...JUST RE-READ WEIRDO #10... IT LOOKS A BIT TENTATIVE TO ME, NOT FULLY SURE OF ITSELF. PERHAPS IT'S THE CRUMB COVER, WHICH SEEMS TO BE STRUGGLING TO BE MORE MODERNE OR SOMETHING; PERHAPS IT'S JUST THE FACT THAT THE PREVIOUS WEIRDOS WERE SO LINKED TO CRUMB'S PERSONALITY/NEUROSES THAT I FEEL THE ABSENSE WITH HIS DIMINISHED PRESENCE THIS TIME OUT; PERHAPS IT'S THE FACT THAT SO MANY PIECES THIS TIME SEEMED TO BE ABOUT CULTURAL ALIENATION THAT THE ISSUE ITSELF SEEMED TO TAKE ON THE CHARACTERISTIC...

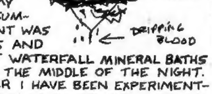
...MY IMPRESSION, OVERALL, IS THAT IT'S GOING TO TAKE A COUPLE OF ISSUES FOR US REGULAR WEIRDO READERS TO GET A SENSE OF BAGGE THE WEIRDO EDITOR. MORE LONG PIECES LIKE "DELIRIOUS" AND "THE REJECT" (DON'T GET A SWELLED HEAD, EDITOR!) WILL HELP.

—BILL SHERMAN
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

—I APPRECIATE YOUR COMMENTS, BILL, BUT ISN'T "CULTURAL ALIENATION" WHAT WEIRDO IS ALL ABOUT?—ED.

PETER,

...I HAVE DECIDED THAT I DESPERATELY NEED TO ORDER SOME OF THOSE CUSTOM-MADE ED "BIG-DADDY" ROTH T-SHIRTS TO GO ALONG WITH THE TATTOO THAT I GOT THIS SUMMER. IT IS A SACRED BLEEDING HEART OF JESUS AND IT'S ALL BLACK AND VERY PRIMATIVE—IT LOOKS LIKE I GOT IT DONE BY A STONED PUERTO RICAN IN PRISON. IT LOOKS LIKE THIS,→ ONLY **COOLER** AND **BOSSER! YEAH!!!**



...EQUALLY COOL AND BOSS WAS MY TRIP TO L.A. THIS SUMMER. THE HIGH POINT WAS TAKING QUALUDES AND SITTING IN THE HOT WATERFALL MINERAL BATHS IN THE DESERT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. SINCE THIS SUMMER I HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING AND HAVING FUN WITH DRUGS. I TOOK MUSHROOMS AND COCAINE ALL MONTH, AND NOW I'VE DISCOVERED M.D.A.—IT IS **GREAT!** PERHAPS I SHALL KILL A FEW PEOPLE WHILE ON IT...

—DAVID CARRINO,
NYC, NY

BAGGE,

...ABOUT DOING A "TRUE-TO-LIFE" COMIC CONVERSATION WITH ME, IT'S OKAY AS LONG AS YOU DON'T BRING UP MY LOW OPINION OF EVERY BODY, MY UTTER HATRED FOR EVERYBODY, MY DESIRE TO KILL JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY, ETC. IF YOU DO I ONLY ASK YOU TO PRESENT IT IN A NICE WAY; SAY I HATE ONLY SOME PEOPLE AND I ONLY WANT TO KILL A COUPLE OF PEOPLE OR THAT I WOULDN'T WANT TO KILL 'EM ALL AT ONCE, JUST ONE AT A TIME, OKAY? AND NOT BRUTALLY EITHER, JUST A BIT OF TORTURE ON THE SIDE, Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN? **AW WHAT THE HELL!** DO WHAT EVER YOU WANT! I JUST DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN MAKE ME OUT TO LOOK LIKE A LUNATIC...

—KEN WEINER,
NYC, N.Y.

—WHY IS IT PEOPLE ONLY SAY WHAT'S REALLY ON THEIR MINDS WHEN THEY'RE PISSED OFF? THE FOLLOWING LETTER IS THE RESULT OF A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING, BUT IT IT BRINGS UP A LOT OF THINGS THAT SOME OTHER PEOPLE HAVE SAID TO ME, SO HERE 'TIS...

PETER,

...I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU. I THINK YOU'VE GOT YOUR "DICK IN THE DIRT." YOUR EDITORIAL POLICY IS MORE CONSTIPATED THAN "BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS". I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE BEEN INTIMIDATED BY TURNER OR BROWBEATEN BY CRUMB OR WHAT, BUT IF IT MEANS SO MUCH TO A YOUNG ARTIST TO GET IN PRINT THAT HE'S WILLING TO SUBMIT PRELIMINARY SKETCHES TO A SMALL PUBLICATION FOR $50.00 A PAGE, I'D SAY THE AGE OF UNDERGROUND COMICS IS NOT ONLY DEAD BUT ARTISTS LIKE YOURSELF NEVER EVEN BOTHERED TO WATCH FOR IT'S OBITUARY. THE WHOLE MOVEMENT SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT YOU NOTHING MORE TANGIBLE THAN "KEEP ON TRUCKIN'." I'M NOT STUPID, I KNOW THAT EVERY PATHETIC ASSHOLE THAT CAN AFFORD A RAPIDOGRAPH PEN THINKS HE'LL BE THE NEXT ROBERT CRUMB IF ONLY HE CAN JUST GET A FEW PAGES IN WEIRDO, BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY. YOU SHOULD SELECT THE ARTISTS WITH THE SKILL TO PAY FOR THE PRINT RUN AND BEYOND THAT LET WATER FIND ITS OWN LEVEL. REMEMBER YOUR JOB IS TO OPEN DOORS, NOT CLOSE THEM.

NOW I REALIZE THAT MY LAST REMARKS MIGHT UPSET YOU, BUT KEEP IN MIND THAT THE HARDEST DAYS OF UNDERGROUND COMIX WASN'T THE 70'S WHEN IT WAS OVER-POPULATED WITH SO MANY BAD ARTISTS THAT IT LITERALLY CRUSHED ITSELF. THE REAL HARDSHIP WAS IN THE LATE 60'S, TRYING TO MAINTAIN LITERARY FREEDOM IN FACE OF FEAR THAT WE WERE ALL GOING TO BE THROWN IN PRISON. IT'S GOING TO BE MORE INTERESTING TO WATCH WHAT EVOLVES UNDER THE INFLUENCES OF YOUR GENERATION.

...AS FOR WEIRDO #10, I MUST SAY IN SPITE OF MY LAST REMARKS KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

—ROBERT WILLIAMS,
N. HOLLYWOOD, CA.

...AND ONE MORE FOR THE CRUMB-BUM...

MR. CRUMB,

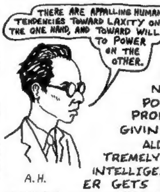
I HAVE BEEN AN AVID READER OF WEIRDO FOR A LONG TIME NOW AND I FINALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY... **LONG LIVE THE COUNTERCULTURE!!!**... IS THERE A FUTURE FOR US IN THIS CONSERVATIVE AGE?

—TIM DI CHIARA,
W. REDDING, CONN.

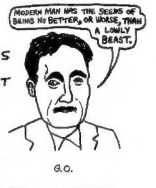
OBSERVATIONS FROM ONE INTERIOR—BRUCE N. DUNCAN

ALDOUS HUXLEY, GEORGE ORWELL, and AL CAPP: SATIRICAL WRITERS and OBSERVERS OF SOCIETY

TWO OUTSTANDING WRITERS OF THIS CENTURY WHO WROTE NOVELS ON THEMES OF A "NEGATIVE UTOPIA" ARE ALDOUS HUXLEY AND GEORGE ORWELL. HUXLEY'S NOVEL BRAVE NEW WORLD POSES HUMAN SOCIETY IN THE FUTURE AS BEING UNDER TYRANNY THROUGH MISAPPLICATION OF SCIENCE THAT PROVIDES COMFORT AT THE EXPENSE OF DIGNITY AND AWARENESS. ORWELL'S NOVEL 1984 POSES HUMAN SOCIETY IN THE FUTURE AS BEING UNDER TYRANNY SIMILAR TO THE BRUTALITY OF ACTUAL TOTALITARIAN MOVEMENTS, BUT MORE THOROUGH. THE 20th CENTURY HAS BEEN A TIME OF MUCH TYRANNY AND WARFARE, AND ALSO OF STRONG MOVEMENTS FOR FREEDOM, DEMOCRACY, AND MORE SCOPE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL. NEITHER OF THESE WRITERS POSED A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF TYRANNY, BOTH GIVING A PICTURE OF DOOM. ALDOUS HUXLEY WAS AN EXTREMELY SENSITIVE, THIN-SKINNED, INTELLIGENT MAN WHO AS A WRITER GETS ACROSS SOME OF THE HORROR AND DEPRAVITY POSSIBLE IN HUMAN LIFE. GEORGE ORWELL, A STOUT-HEARTED, STEADFASTLY OBJECTIVE FELLOW, WAS ABLE AS A WRITER TO PRESENT THE BLUNT TRUTH OF HOW DEGRADING HUMAN LIFE CAN BECOME. BOTH OF THESE WRITERS WERE BETTER AT DEPICTING THE NEGATIVE THAN THE POSITIVE.


THERE ARE APPALLING HUMAN TENDENCIES TOWARD LAXITY ON THE ONE HAND, AND TOWARD WILL TO POWER ON THE OTHER.
A.H.

IN BRAVE NEW WORLD, HUXLEY'S MAIN CHARACTER, JOHN THE SAVAGE, IS TORN BETWEEN AN UNACCEPTABLY PRIMITIVE LIFE AND AN UNACCEPTABLY ARTIFICIAL LIFE. HE HAS VIVIDNESS BUT LACKS DEPTH. WINSTON SMITH, THE MAIN CHARACTER OF ORWELL'S 1984, WANTS AN INDEPENDENT LIFE WITHIN A DICTATORSHIP, AND LACKS AS MUCH PERSONALITY AND DEPTH AS MANY COMMON MEN HAVE.

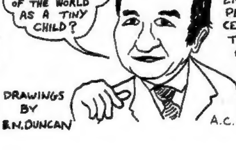

MODERN MAN HAS THE SEEDS OF BEING NO BETTER, OR WORSE, THAN A LOWLY BEAST.
G.O.

BOTH OF THESE WRITERS PRODUCED SATIRE THAT IS STRONG INTELLECTUALLY, BUT WHICH LEAVES OUT A LOT OF THE HUMANITY THAT HAS TO BE THE SUBJECT MATTER OF REALLY GOOD STORY TELLING. AL CAPP'S INSPIRED COMIC STRIP LIL' ABNER IS SATIRICAL OF PEOPLE, BUT PRESENTS THEM AS VALID FORMS OF LIFE. AL CAPP'S STRIP HAD AN EARTHY SENSE OF HUMOR, SOMETHING HUXLEY AND ORWELL LACKED.

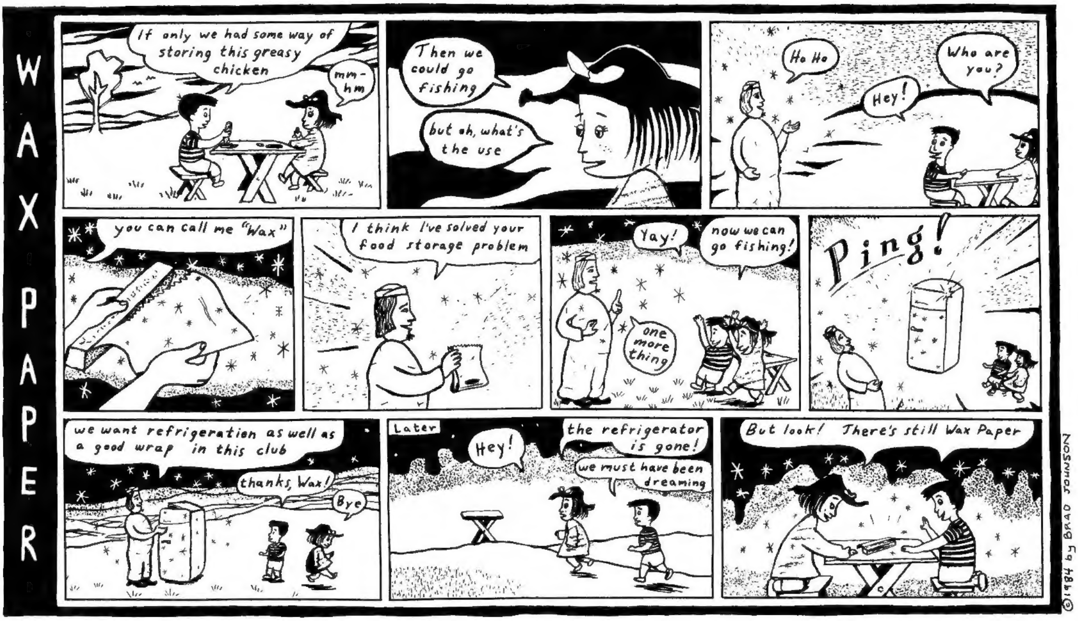
A CHILD OF SIX CAN SEE THAT THE WORLD SHOULDN'T BE DESTROYED, AND AL CAPP'S CHILDLIKE CHARACTER LIL' ABNER COULD SEE THAT WE SHOULDN'T CARRY ON SO AS TO BLOW UP THE WORLD—HE'D SEE NO NEED FOR IT! YET THERE ARE PERSONS CALLED BRILLIANT WHO FEAR THAT WORLD ANNIHILATION MUST BE.

LIL' ABNER THE GOOD NATURED, UNPRETENTIOUS MAIN CHARACTER, ISN'T VERY BRIGHT IN THE HEAD, BUT SHOWS VIRTUES THAT WOULD MAKE FOR SOCIAL HARMONY AND WORLD PEACE. BOTH SIMPLE PEOPLE AND COMPLICATED PEOPLE CAN HAVE VIRTUES THAT MAKE FREEDOM AND PEACE POSSIBLE.

HUXLEY AND ORWELL ARE VALUABLE IN WARNING US OF DANGER, ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T PROVIDE ANSWERS TO THE PROBLEMS THEY WARN US ABOUT. THEY WERE VERY INFORMED ABOUT FACTS, EVENTS, AND IDEAS IN THE WORLD, BUT DIDN'T SHOW MUCH FAITH IN THE ACTUAL HUMAN SPIRIT. THEY WERE TWO VERY INTELLIGENT MEN AND CONCERNED OBSERVERS, YET THEY LACKED A CLOSENESS WITH PEOPLE TO SEE MUCH OF THEIR ACTUAL STRENGTHS, WORTH AND POTENTIAL. WE LIVE IN AN AGE OF MUCH WORLDLY KNOWLEDGE, YET WE ARE LACKING IN SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE. TO COPE WITH INEQUALITY + DIFFERENCES AMONG PEOPLE IS A TASK CERTAINLY WITHIN THE CAPABILITY OF INDIVIDUALS LIVING WITHIN A RELATIVELY FREE DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY.


SUPPOSE A MAN WAS AS UNCRITICAL OF THE WORLD AS A TINY CHILD?
A.C.

DRAWINGS BY B.N. DUNCAN


WAX PAPER
If only we had some way of storing this greasy chicken
mm-hm
Then we could go fishing
but oh, what's the use
Ho Ho
Who are you?
Hey!
you can call me "Wax"
I think I've solved your food storage problem
Yay!
now we can go fishing!
one more thing
Ping!
we want refrigeration as well as a good wrap in this club
thanks, Wax!
Bye
Later
Hey!
the refrigerator is gone!
we must have been dreaming
But look! There's still Wax Paper

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REJECT STORIES

SENT IN BY SOME OF OUR READERS!!

—CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE REJECT KIND—

...WHILE READING YOUR STORY ("THE REJECT") I STARTED THINKING ABOUT ALL OF MY ENCOUNTERS WITH REJECT TYPES. ESPECIALLY ONE, DALE SCHOEMAKER, WHO USED TO RUN BETWEEN CLASSES IN HIGH SCHOOL SO THAT HE'D ALWAYS ARRIVE RED AND SWEATY. HE WAS QUITE PROUD OF HIS MUSCULAR LEGS AND HE LIKED TO SHOW OFF TO THE GIRLS (WHO OF COURSE CONSIDERED HIM TOTALLY ICKY.) HIS PHYSIQUE WAS YOUR BASIC PEAR SHAPE, AND HE LOOKED ALOT LIKE J. D. KING'S "MR.-KNOW-IT-ALL." HE WAS A TEEN WHO HADN'T QUITE COME TO GRIPS WITH HIS PASSIONS AND WAS KNOWN TO MASTURBATE IN CLASS.

"HAD SEX IN SPACE"

BASICALLY I LIKED THE GUY BECAUSE HE WOULD TELL **GREAT STORIES** ABOUT HIS VISITS TO OTHER PLANETS IN OTHER SOLAR SYSTEMS. SINCE WE SHARED THE SAME REMEDIAL GYM CLASS I FOUND A LOT OF OPPORTUNITIES TO DIG HIS YARNS ABOUT CUTE GIRLS HE HAD ENCOUNTERED ON OTHER PLANETS THAT HAD GREEN HAIR AND THREE BREASTS. HE CLAIMED TO HAVE LOST HIS VIRGINITY TO ONE OF THESE EXTRATERRESTRIAL BABES... WHAT A GUY!...

— ROBERT ARMSTRONG,
DIXON, CA

—SHOP CLASS FULL O' REJECTS—

...THERE WAS A REJECT IN MY 7th GRADE WHO'S NAME WAS CLYDE CRABTREE. THAT WAS HIS REAL NAME. HE WAS IN MY SHOP CLASS. HE WAS IMPOSSIBLY SKINNY (A COMMON TRAIT AMOUNG REJECTS), HAD PURPLISH LIPS, SUNKEN EYES AND A LARGE LUMPY HEAD. YOU COULD SEE EVERY LUMP BECAUSE HE HAD A CREW-CUT. HE WASN'T A TOTAL REJECT BECAUSE HE DID HAVE A FRIEND, NAMED ALBERT PEASELEY, WHO WASN'T VERY SMART. AND AT LEAST CLYDE HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR. EVERY DAY HE WOULD DANCE AROUND WITH HIS ARMS AND LEGS FLAILING IN ALL DIRECTIONS AND POINT AT ME AND SAY "HEY, ALBERT PEASELEY LIKES YOU!" "ALBERT PEASELEY'S IN **LOVE** WITH YOU!"

OH, AND THERE WAS ANOTHER STRANGE-LOOKING KID IN THE CLASS, NAMED CHRIS. ONE DAY HE CHOPPED OFF HIS FINGER TIP ON ONE OF THOSE MACHINES THE TEACHER WAS ALWAYS WARNING US ABOUT. I WASN'T THERE THAT DAY SO I MISSED OUT. **DARN!**...

— SUE D. NYM,
CHICAGO, ILL.

— SHE WAS THE REJECT!—

...YEAH, I'VE KNOWN A LOT OF REJECTS. HECK, I WAS ONE MYSELF IN HIGH SCHOOL! I WAS CONSIDERED ECCENTRIC, BUT STILL I WAS SOMEWHAT LAUGHED AT... **FUCKING JERKS!** A BUNCH OF **BLUE-BALLED EGO-MASTURBATING IDIOTS! PROLES! CLONES! DICKHEADS!**... DO I SOUND TOO HARSH? THAT'S WHAT MY ART IS ABOUT — PURE REVENGE AND FRUSTRATION AT WHAT SOCIETY EXPECTS US TO DO — IT'S A **VICIOUS, ALL CONSUMING CIRCLE**, AND I DON'T WANT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE LATEST TRENDS. WEIRDO SAYS IT SO BLATANTLY, IT SHOULD BE **PASTED** ON **"NORMAL" PEOPLE'S FOREHEADS!**

—ASHLIEGH JOHNSYN,
SEATTLE, WA

— REJECT ON THE BEAT —

...I HAD THE MISFORTUNE OF MOVING TO SUBURBAN NEW JERSEY WHEN I WAS 13, JUST IN TIME FOR ALL THAT INSANE PUBIC ENERGY. OUR REJECT WAS STEVIE PINK. HE DIDN'T HAVE ONE-NUT, BUT HE DID SURVIVE — LIKE HITLER — TO BECOME AN UPSTANDING MEMBER OF THE TOWN POLICE FORCE. AND GOD HAVE MERCY ON ANY POOR BASTARD FROM OUR CLASS WHO HAPPENS TO GET CAUGHT BREAKING ANY LAW OF **GOD OR MAN** WHILE OFFICER STEVE PINK IS ON THE JOB, EQUIPPED WITH BILLY CLUB AND REVOLVER AND ALL THOSE **BULLETS!** STEVIE PINK USED TO GET PUSHED DOWN THE STAIRS, SENT "PEARL-DIVING" IN THE URINALS, AND WAS THE ALL-AROUND WHIPPING BOY FOR OUR POST-PUBIC FRUSTRATIONS...

— ACE BACKWARDS,
BERKELEY, CA.

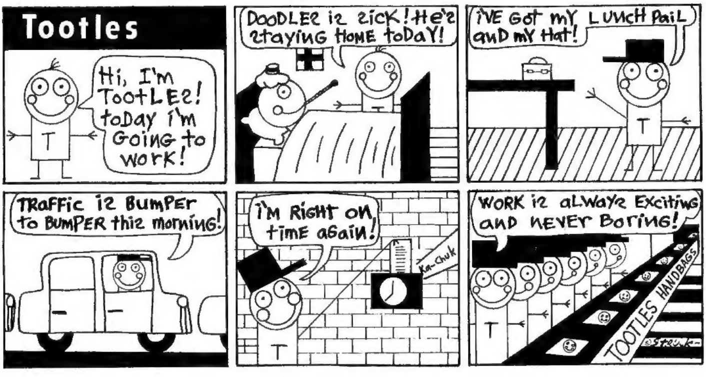
— REJECT AVOIDANCE —

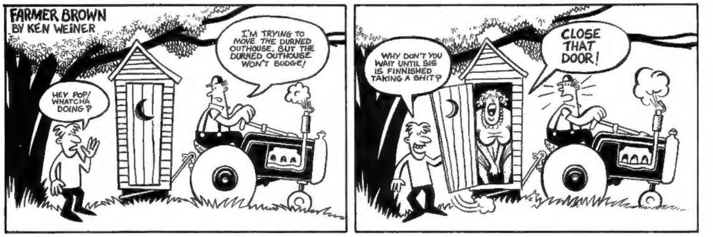
... WE HAD A REJECT AT OUR SCHOOL TOO, ONLY IT WAS A GIRL, AND SHE REMAINED A REJECT THROUGHOUT OUR PRIMARY EDUCATION. WHAT WAS WORSE WAS THAT SHE LIVED TWO HOUSES DOWN FROM US, AND MY MOM MADE ME, **MADE** ME PLAY WITH HER. THAT IS, UNTL I CAME HOME ONE DAY SCREAMING: "MOMMY MOMMY! ELIZABETH (FICTITIOUS NAME) HAS GUINEA PIGS AND LIZARDS RUNNING LOOSE ALL OVER HER HOUSE AND IT **SMELLS!**" WHICH OF COURSE WAS NOT TRUE.

CHILDREN CAN BE CRUEL...

— CAROL JACKSON,
WEST CORINA, CA

— THANKS TO EVERYBODY THAT SENT IN THEIR STORIES, + SORRY WE COULDN'T FIT 'EM ALL!


Tootles
Hi, I'm TootLE2! today i'm Going to work!
DOODLE2 i2 2ick! He'2 2taying Home toDaY!
iVE Got mY LUNcH Pail and MY Hat!
TRaFFic i2 BUmPER to BUMPER thi2 morning!
i'M RiGHt on time aGaiN!
Ka-chuk
WORK i2 alWaY2 ExcitinG and NEVER BoriNG!
TOOTLES HANDBAGS


FARMER BROWN
BY KEN WEINER
HEY POP! WHATCHA DOING?
I'M TRYING TO MOVE THE DURNED OUTHOUSE. BUT THE DURNED OUTHOUSE WON'T BUDGE!
WHY DON'T YOU WAIT UNTIL SIS IS FINNISHED TAKING A SHIT?
CLOSE THAT DOOR!

I KNOW GREAT ART WHEN I SEE IT, AND THESE SELF-MADE PUBLICATIONS ARE THE GREATEST THINGS BEING MADE IN AMERICA TODAY!
I KID YOU NOT!!!

• **NON** — *JUST ONE OF ABOUT A ZILLION LITTLE COMIC BOOKS PUT OUT BY TWO ARTISTS FROM MEMPHIS, "BOB X" and "XNO", WHO COLLECTIVELY ARE KNOWN AS "XEX GRAPHIX". THESE BOOKS ARE BEAUTIFULLY PUT TOGETHER, AND THE ART IS NOTHING SHORT OF FANTASTIC, VERY ROTH/WOOLVERTON/PANTER INSPIRED. WRITE: XEX GRAPHIX, P.O. BOX 240611, MEMPHIS, TN, 38124. ASK FOR CATOLOG. ALSO CHECK OUT "POD" by BOB X AND CENTERSPREAD MAZE BY XNO IN, THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO!*

• **NANCY'S MAGAZINE** — *THIS IS THE MOST UNIQUE, UNPRETENTIOUS, DOWN-TO-EARTH AND PLAIN OL' ENTERTAINING LIL' MAG I'VE EVER SEEN. IT FEATURES ARTICLES LIKE "JUST WHAT IS GELATIN?", PLUS LOTS OF DRAWINGS, COMICS, POEMS AND HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY NANCY "K" AND HER PALS (INCLUDING WISE-GUY BRAD JOHNSON!) $1.00 to 2269 MARKET ST. BOX, S.F., CA, 94114.*

• **AARRGH!** — *FEATURES MORE "TOOTLES" FROM THAT STRIP'S CREATOR, PLUS SOME VERY NON-TOOTLES-TYPE HORROR STORIES, TOLD IN A STRANGE TOUNGE-IN-CHEEK STYLE. $1.50 TO: KEN STRUCK, 87 WALDRON AVE., GLEN ROCK, N.J., 07452.*

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• **JIM** — *TOTALLY INDESCRIBABLE DRAWINGS AND STORIES, BY AND ABOUT JIM WOODRING. EXCELLENT ARTIST, BUT HE'S NUTS! (SEE BACK-COVER OF THIS ISH OF WEIRDO) $1.50 TO: P.O. BOX 10075, GLENDALE, CA, 91202.*

• **TESTICLE HEAD** — *TOUCHING STORIES ABOUT A PUNK AND HIS CHAINSAW. IF YOU ENJOY HAVING NIGHTMARES, YOU'LL LOVE TESTICLE HEAD. GREAT ACTION-PACKED DRAWINGS BY LEE ELLINGSON. $1.00 TO: 10353, S.D. MS. RD. #139-C, S.D., CA, 92108*

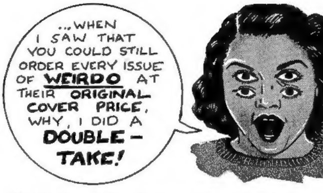
• **REAL FUN** — *FREE ADZINE PUT TOGETHER BY THE INFAMOUS "FURRY COUCH". COMICS, MUSIC, THE WHOLE SHABANG. STRICTLY FOR THE ULTRA-HIP. (LOTS OF WEIRDO CONTRIBUTORS IN HERE!) TO ORDER A COPY, SEND $1.00 TO CONSTANT CAUSE, P.O. BOX 15243, PHILA, PA, 19125.*

• **SCRATCHEZ #5** — *MINI-COMIC WITH A SCI-FI SLANT, THIS LATEST ISSUE IS EXTREMELY WELL-MADE, WITH A SUPERB FULL-COLOR COVER BY MIKE CODY. SOME OF THE BEST MINI-COMIC ARTISTS INCLUDED HERE, PLUS A SHORT STORY ILLUSTRATED BY BASIL WOOLVERTON! PUT TOGETHER BY BOB LEWIS, AN EXCELLENT BARGAIN (52 PAGES!) FOR ONLY $1.25! WRITE: B. LEWIS, P.O. BOX 27854, RICHMOND, VA, 23261.*

STARHEAD #9 — *THE LATEST AND THE GREATEST ISSUE OF THIS MONSTER (56 PAGES) MINI-MAG, FEATURING WORK BY EDITOR MICHAEL DOWERS, PLUS L. BARRY AND THE GREAT P. BAGGE! $2.50 TO M. DOWERS, 3615 PHINNEY N, SEATTLE, WA, 98103.*

TELL'EM THE READERS DIGEST SENTCHA!

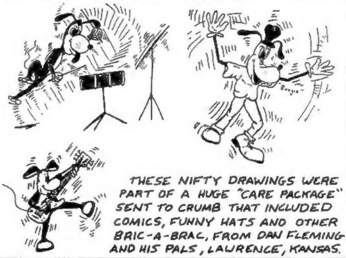
JUST THINK: SOME DAY ALL THESE NOBODIES WILL BE RICH AND FAMOUS, AND IF YOU ORDER NOW, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SAY "I KNEW THEM WHEN!"


...WHEN I SAW THAT YOU COULD STILL ORDER EVERY ISSUE OF WEIRDO AT THEIR ORIGINAL COVER PRICE, WHY, I DID A DOUBLE-TAKE!

ORDER YOURS NOW!

ISSUES #1-4: $2.25 ea., ISSUES #5-12: $2.50 ea.
INCLUDE $1.50 FOR POSTAGE WITH YOUR ORDER.
SEND TO: LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
94110

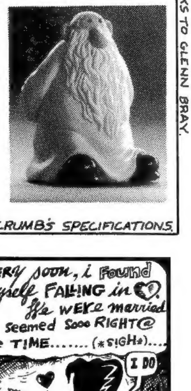
"CRAZY LADY" DRAWINGS (TAKEN FROM COCKTAIL NAPKINS) by PERCY PARKER — 1950. THANKS TO GLENN BRAY.

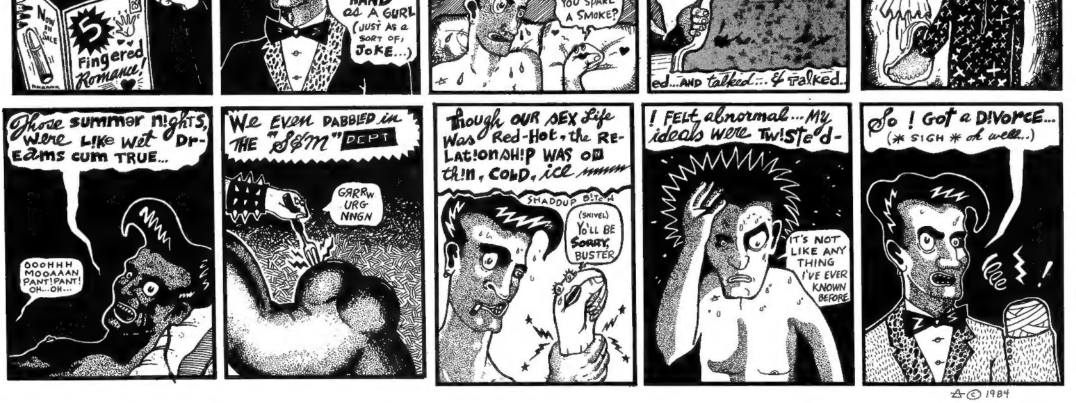


THESE NIFTY DRAWINGS WERE PART OF A HUGE "CARE PACKAGE" SENT TO CRUMB THAT INCLUDED COMICS, FUNNY HATS AND OTHER BRIC-A-BRAC, FROM DAN FLEMING AND HIS PALS, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

MR. NATURAL THE SCULPTURE

FOR ALL YOU ROBERT CRUMB FANS AND "PERIOD" COLLECTORS. YOU GET A HANDPAINTED, SOLID, FINE PORCELAIN FIGURE OF MR. NATURAL, 5" TALL. THE GIFT BOX INCLUDES A FREE 24 PAGE MINI-COMIC OF CLASSIC R. CRUMB MATERIAL ON MR. NATURAL. SEND $33.00 TO ROCK CITY INC., P.O. BOX 2855W, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA, 22902. TO CHARGE VISA/MC, CALL (804) 985-3636 OR MAIL*, ETC. *MADE TO CRUMB'S SPECIFICATIONS.*




Now on Sale
5 Fingered Romance!
It All happened QUITE SUDDENLY.. ONE NITE, I dressed up MY LEFT HAND as A GURL (JUST AS a SORT OF, JOKE...)
WELL, this GOT ME REALLY HORNY... ALL of a SUDDEN, it HAD A mind of it's own—it GAVE ME A BLOW-JOB.
WHA?!
SAY...CAN YOU SPARE A SMOKE?
Fuck-! could'nt Believe MY own 2 EARS... She... UR... it uh-TALKED!
WILL YA TAKE ME SHOPPING TOMORROW?
ed...AND talked... & Talked..
Very soon, i found myself FALLING in ♥. We were married It seemed Sooo RIGHT @ the TIME....... (*SIGH*)....
I DO
Those summer nights, Were Like wet Dreams cum TRUE...
OOOHHH MOOAAAN PANT! PANT! OH...OH...
We Even DABBLED in THE "S&M" DEPT
GRRRW URG NNGN
Though OUR SEX Life Was Red-Hot, the RELationship WAS ON thin, COLD, ice
SHADDUP BITCH
(SNIVEL) YOU'LL BE SORRY, BUSTER
I FELT abnormal... My ideals were Twisted-
IT'S NOT LIKE ANY THING I'VE EVER KNOWN BEFORE
So I Got a DIVORCE... (* SIGH * oh well..)

A © 1984

STRANGE

BEDFELLOWS

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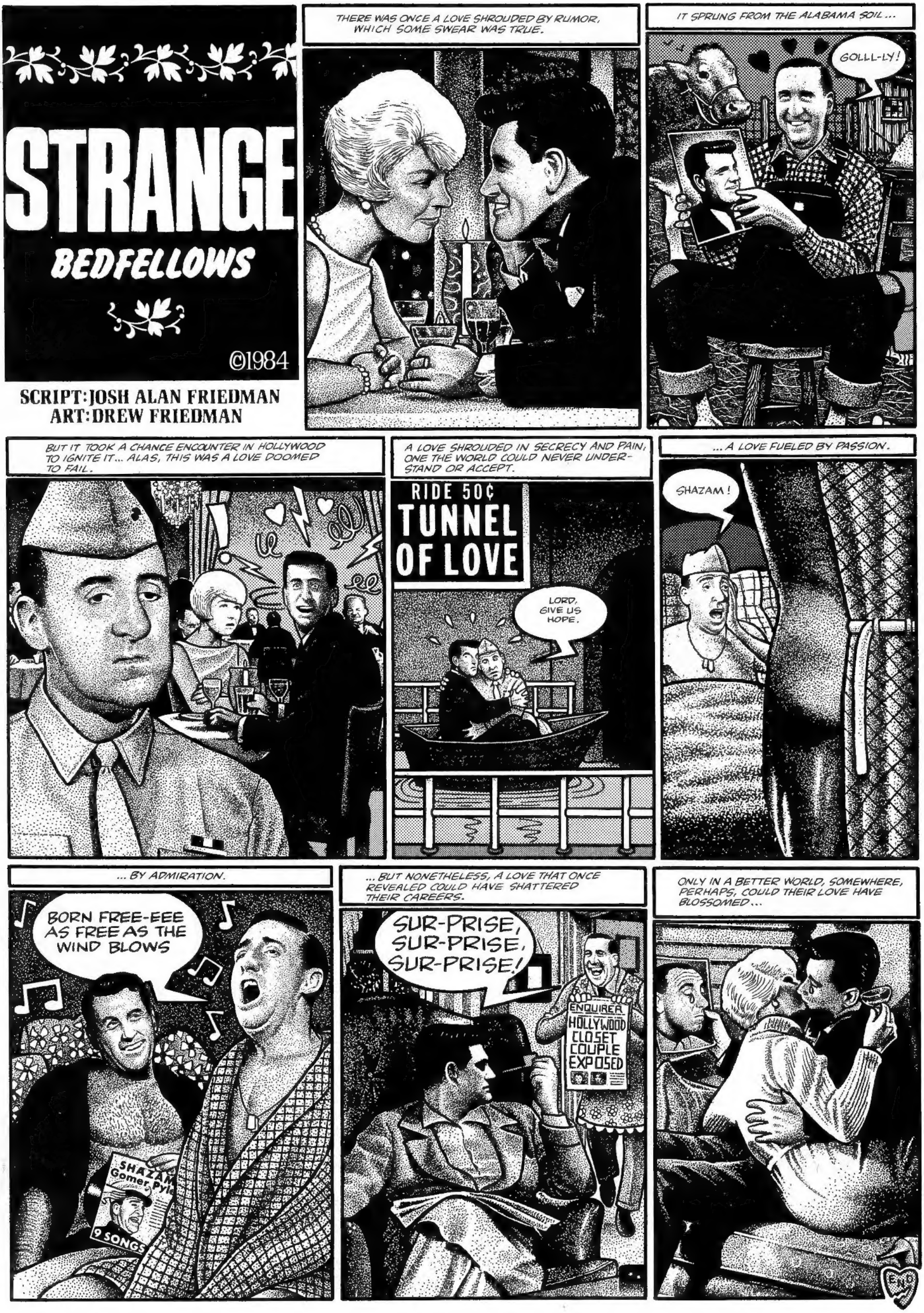
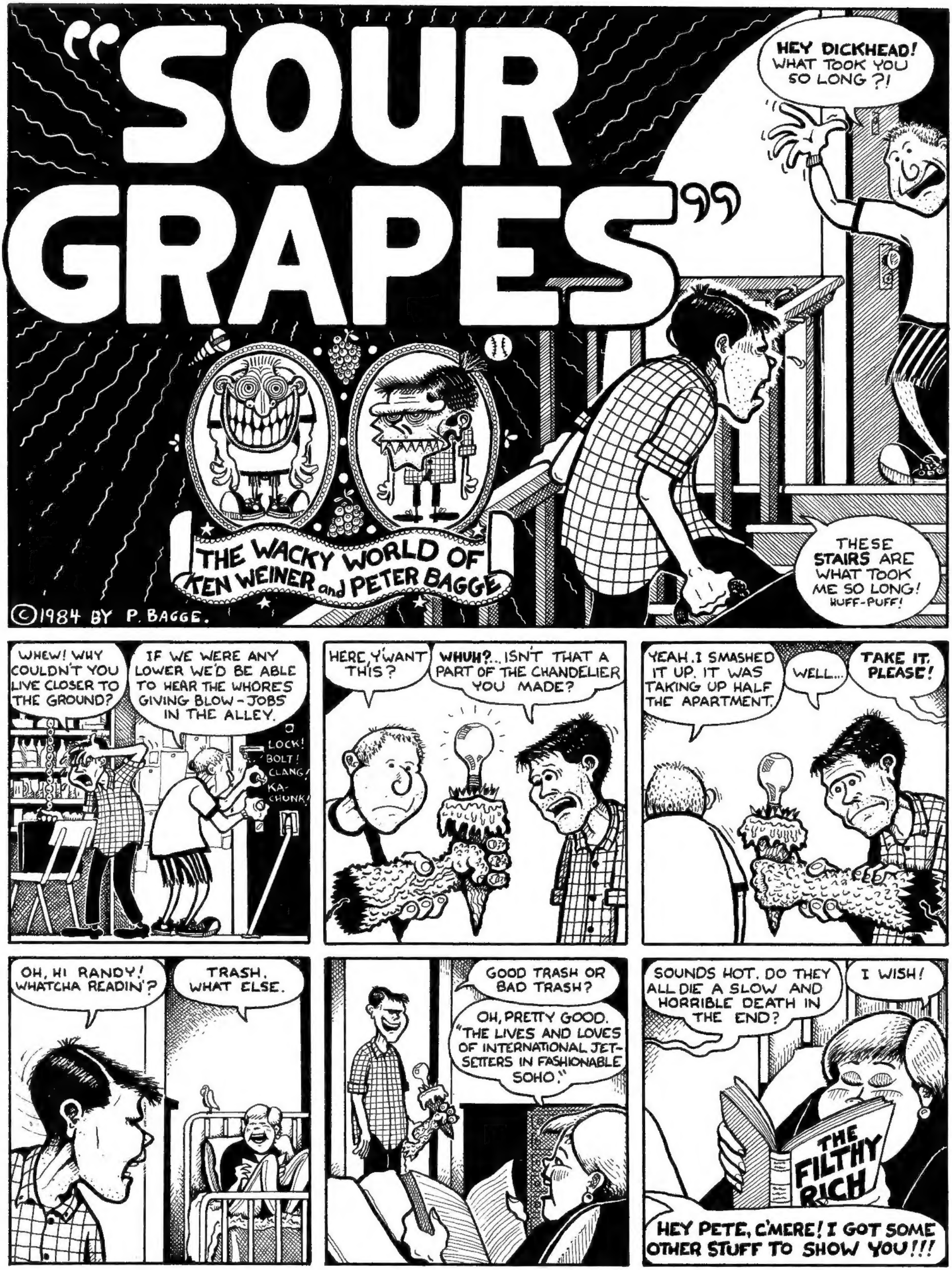
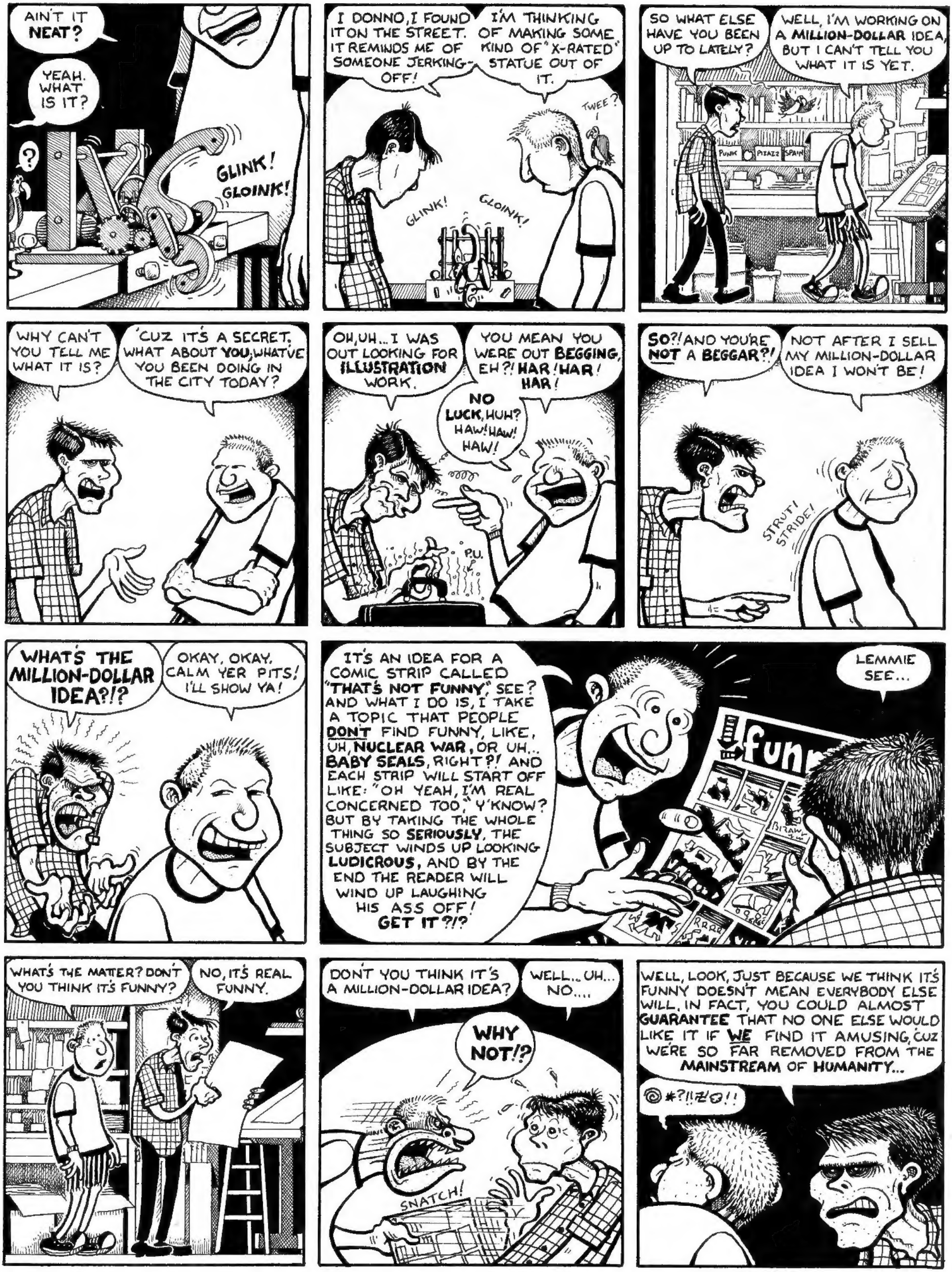
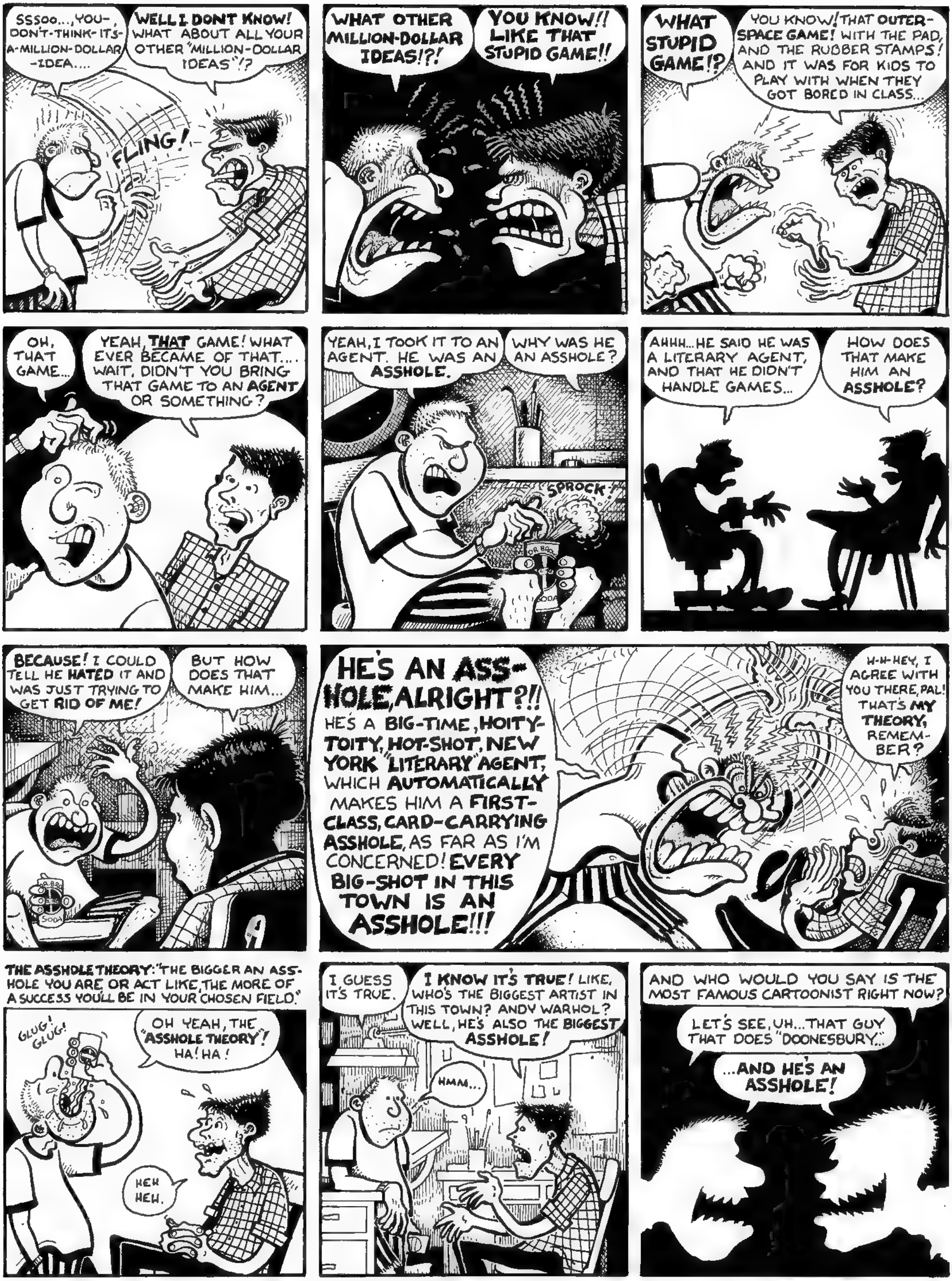
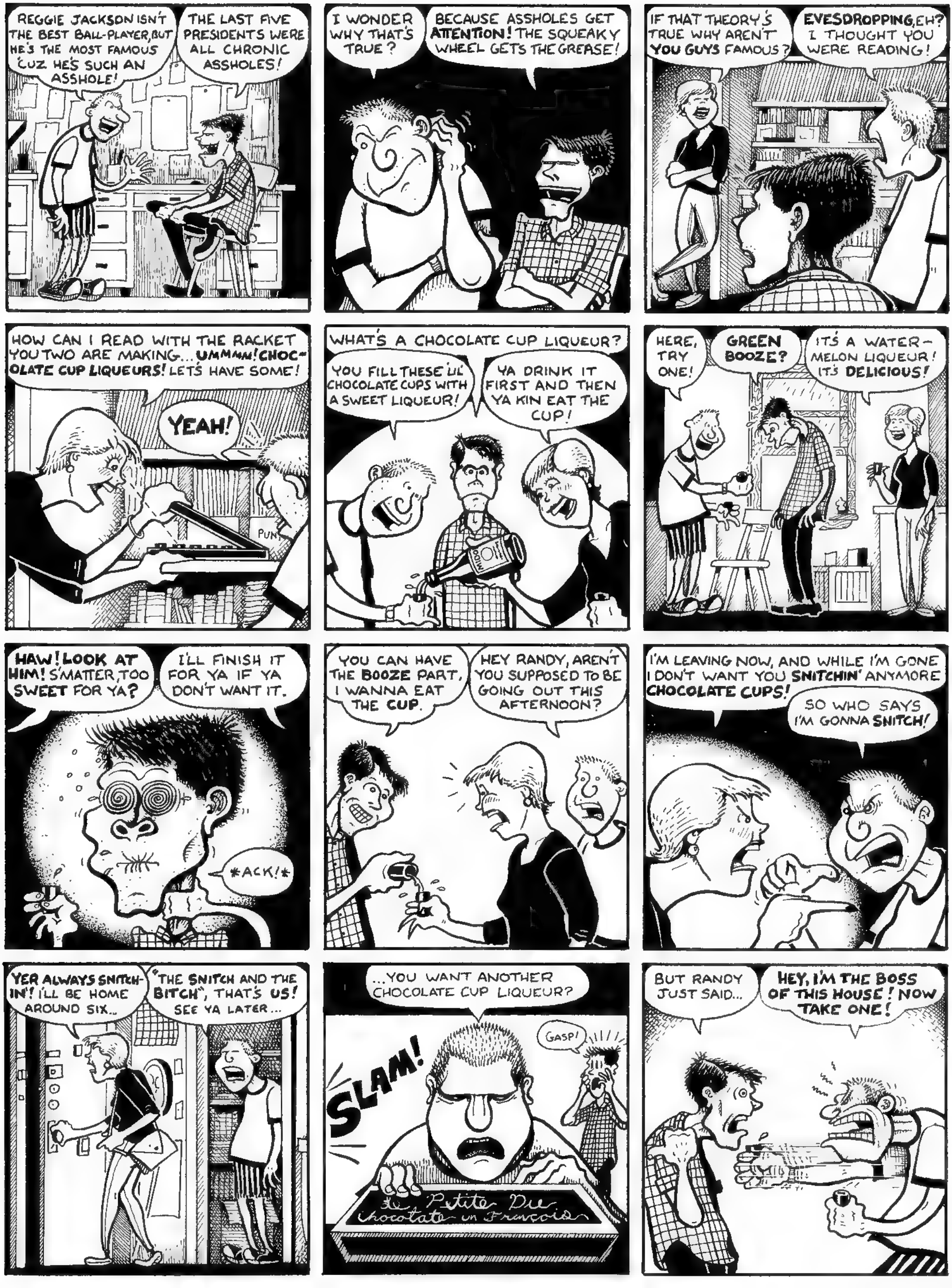
SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

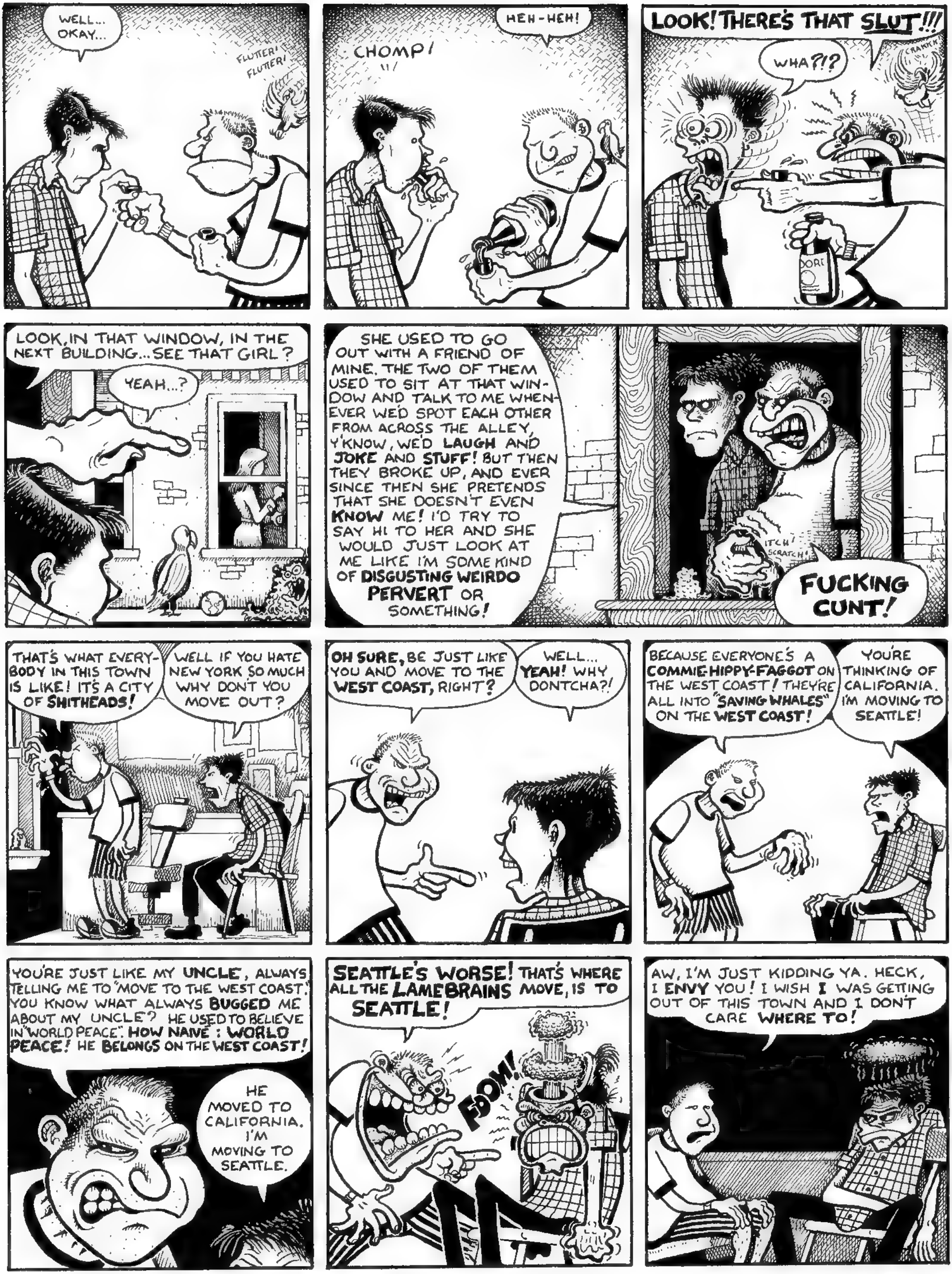

THERE WAS ONCE A LOVE SHROUDED BY RUMOR, WHICH SOME SWEAR WAS TRUE.
IT SPRUNG FROM THE ALABAMA SOIL ...
GOLLL-LY!
BUT IT TOOK A CHANCE ENCOUNTER IN HOLLYWOOD TO IGNITE IT... ALAS, THIS WAS A LOVE DOOMED TO FAIL.
A LOVE SHROUDED IN SECRECY AND PAIN, ONE THE WORLD COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND OR ACCEPT.
RIDE 50¢
TUNNEL OF LOVE
LORD, GIVE US HOPE.
... A LOVE FUELED BY PASSION.
SHAZAM!
... BY ADMIRATION.
BORN FREE-EEE AS FREE AS THE WIND BLOWS
SHAZAM! Gomer Pyle
9 SONGS
... BUT NONETHELESS, A LOVE THAT ONCE REVEALED COULD HAVE SHATTERED THEIR CAREERS.
SUR-PRISE, SUR-PRISE, SUR-PRISE!
ENQUIRER
HOLLYWOOD CLOSET COUPLE EXPOSED
ONLY IN A BETTER WORLD, SOMEWHERE, PERHAPS, COULD THEIR LOVE HAVE BLOSSOMED...
END

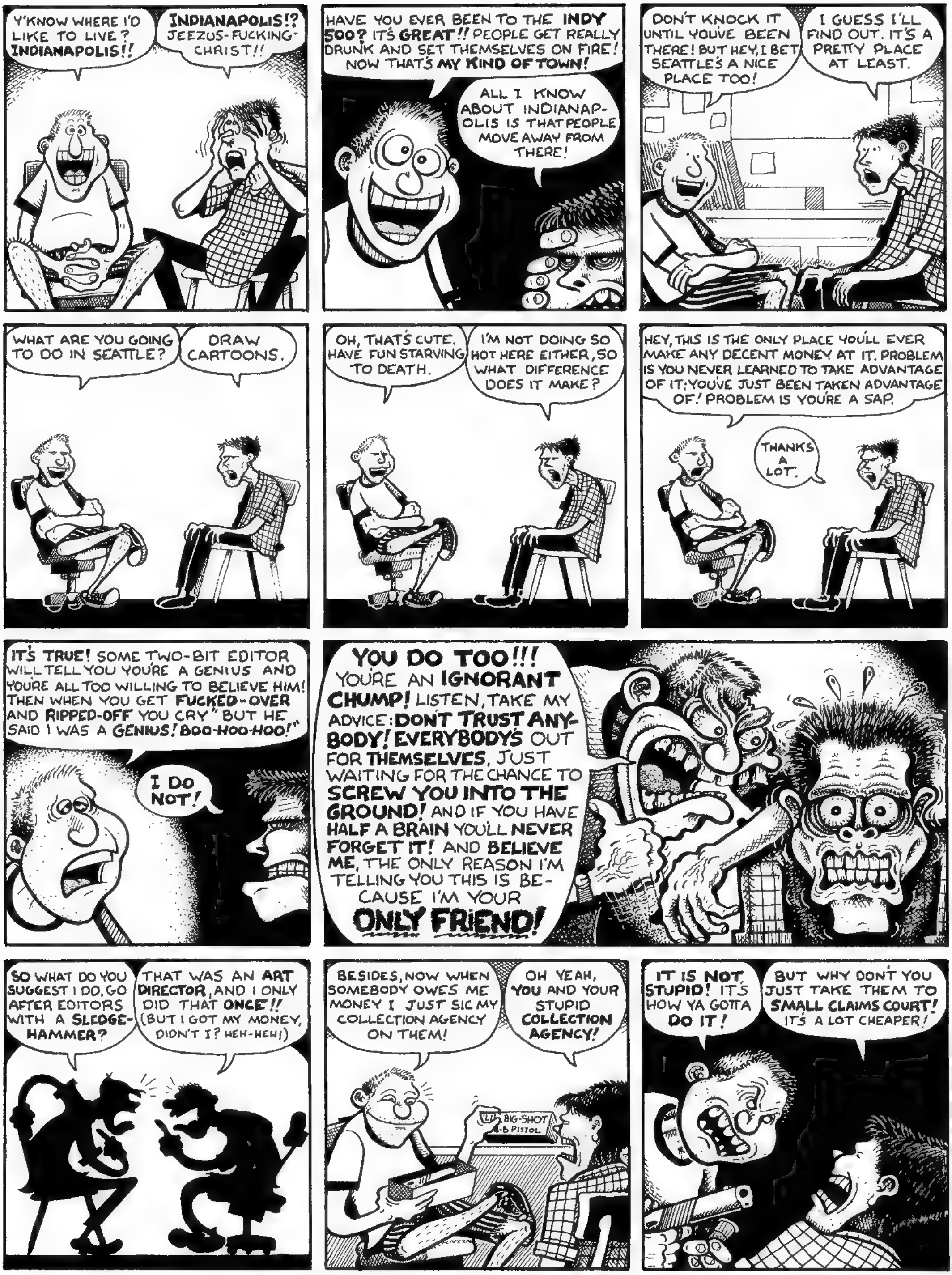

"SOUR GRAPES"
HEY DICKHEAD! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG ?!
THE WACKY WORLD OF KEN WEINER and PETER BAGGE
©1984 BY P. BAGGE.
THESE STAIRS ARE WHAT TOOK ME SO LONG! HUFF-PUFF!
WHEW! WHY COULDN'T YOU LIVE CLOSER TO THE GROUND?
IF WE WERE ANY LOWER WE'D BE ABLE TO HEAR THE WHORES GIVING BLOW-JOBS IN THE ALLEY.
LOCK! BOLT! CLANG! KA-CHUNK!
HERE, Y'WANT THIS?
WHUH?... ISN'T THAT A PART OF THE CHANDELIER YOU MADE?
YEAH. I SMASHED IT UP. IT WAS TAKING UP HALF THE APARTMENT.
WELL...
TAKE IT. PLEASE!
OH, HI RANDY! WHATCHA READIN'?
TRASH. WHAT ELSE.
GOOD TRASH OR BAD TRASH?
OH, PRETTY GOOD. "THE LIVES AND LOVES OF INTERNATIONAL JET-SETTERS IN FASHIONABLE SOHO."
SOUNDS HOT. DO THEY ALL DIE A SLOW AND HORRIBLE DEATH IN THE END?
I WISH!
THE FILTHY RICH
HEY PETE, C'MERE! I GOT SOME OTHER STUFF TO SHOW YOU!!!

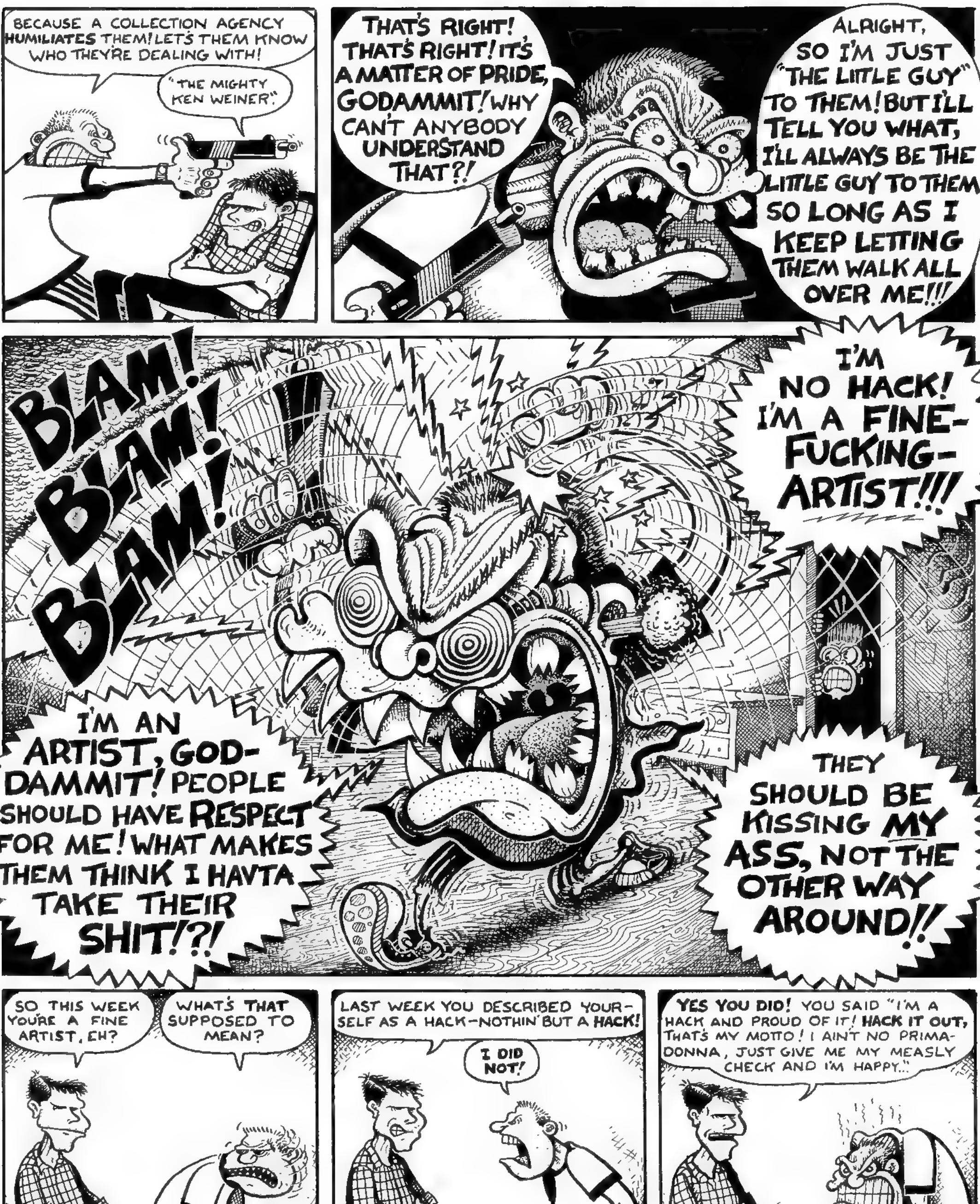

AIN'T IT **NEAT?**
YEAH. WHAT IS IT?
?
GLINK! GLOINK!
I DONNO, I FOUND IT ON THE STREET. IT REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE JERKING-OFF!
I'M THINKING OF MAKING SOME KIND OF "X-RATED" STATUE OUT OF IT.
TWEE?
GLINK! GLOINK!
SO WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO LATELY?
WELL, I'M WORKING ON A **MILLION-DOLLAR** IDEA, BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT IT IS YET.
PUNK
PIZAZZ
SPAIN
WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT IT IS?
'CUZ IT'S A SECRET. WHAT ABOUT **YOU**; WHAT'VE YOU BEEN DOING IN THE CITY TODAY?
OH, UH... I WAS OUT LOOKING FOR **ILLUSTRATION** WORK.
YOU MEAN YOU WERE OUT **BEGGING**, EH?! **HAR! HAR! HAR!**
NO LUCK, HUH? HAW! HAW! HAW!
P.U.
SO?! AND YOU'RE **NOT** A **BEGGAR?!**
NOT AFTER I SELL MY MILLION-DOLLAR IDEA I WON'T BE!
STRUT! STRIDE!
WHAT'S THE MILLION-DOLLAR IDEA?!?
OKAY, OKAY, CALM YER PITS! I'LL SHOW YA!
IT'S AN IDEA FOR A COMIC STRIP CALLED "**THAT'S NOT FUNNY**," SEE? AND WHAT I DO IS, I TAKE A TOPIC THAT PEOPLE **DON'T** FIND FUNNY, LIKE, UH, **NUCLEAR WAR**, OR UH... **BABY SEALS**, RIGHT?! AND EACH STRIP WILL START OFF LIKE: "OH YEAH, I'M REAL CONCERNED TOO," Y'KNOW? BUT BY TAKING THE WHOLE THING SO **SERIOUSLY**, THE SUBJECT WINDS UP LOOKING **LUDICROUS**, AND BY THE END THE READER WILL WIND UP LAUGHING HIS ASS OFF! **GET IT?!?**
LEMMIE SEE...
funn
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY?
NO, IT'S REAL FUNNY.
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A MILLION-DOLLAR IDEA?
WELL... UH... NO....
WHY NOT!?
SNATCH!
WELL, LOOK, JUST BECAUSE WE THINK IT'S FUNNY DOESN'T MEAN EVERYBODY ELSE WILL. IN FACT, YOU COULD ALMOST **GUARANTEE** THAT NO ONE ELSE WOULD LIKE IT IF **WE** FIND IT AMUSING, 'CUZ WE'RE SO FAR REMOVED FROM THE **MAINSTREAM** OF **HUMANITY**...
◎*?!!#@!!

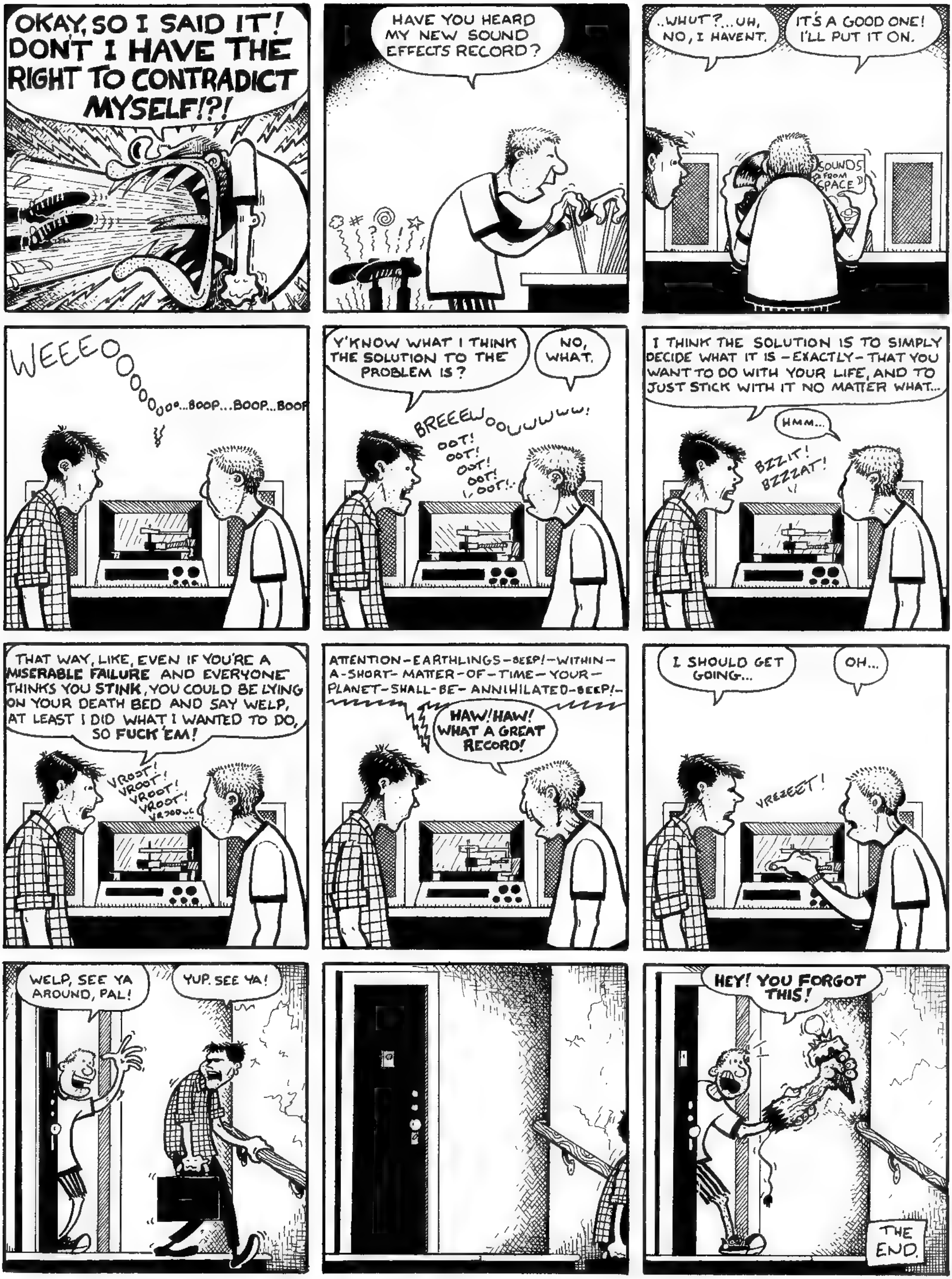

SSSOO..., YOU-DON'T-THINK-ITS-A-MILLION-DOLLAR-IDEA....
WELL I DONT KNOW! WHAT ABOUT ALL YOUR OTHER "MILLION-DOLLAR IDEAS"!?
FLING!
WHAT OTHER MILLION-DOLLAR IDEAS!?!
YOU KNOW!! LIKE THAT STUPID GAME!!
WHAT STUPID GAME!?
YOU KNOW! THAT OUTER-SPACE GAME! WITH THE PAD, AND THE RUBBER STAMPS! AND IT WAS FOR KIDS TO PLAY WITH WHEN THEY GOT BORED IN CLASS...
OH, THAT GAME...
YEAH, THAT GAME! WHAT EVER BECAME OF THAT.... WAIT, DIDN'T YOU BRING THAT GAME TO AN AGENT OR SOMETHING?
YEAH, I TOOK IT TO AN AGENT. HE WAS AN ASSHOLE.
WHY WAS HE AN ASSHOLE?
SPROCK!
SODA
AHHH...HE SAID HE WAS A LITERARY AGENT, AND THAT HE DIDN'T HANDLE GAMES...
HOW DOES THAT MAKE HIM AN ASSHOLE?
BECAUSE! I COULD TELL HE HATED IT AND WAS JUST TRYING TO GET RID OF ME!
BUT HOW DOES THAT MAKE HIM...
HE'S AN ASSHOLE, ALRIGHT?!! HE'S A BIG-TIME, HOITY-TOITY, HOT-SHOT, NEW YORK "LITERARY" AGENT, WHICH AUTOMATICALLY MAKES HIM A FIRST-CLASS, CARD-CARRYING ASSHOLE, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED! EVERY BIG-SHOT IN THIS TOWN IS AN ASSHOLE!!!
H-H-HEY, I AGREE WITH YOU THERE, PAL! THAT'S MY THEORY, REMEMBER?
THE ASSHOLE THEORY: "THE BIGGER AN ASSHOLE YOU ARE OR ACT LIKE, THE MORE OF A SUCCESS YOU'LL BE IN YOUR CHOSEN FIELD."
GLUG! GLUG!
OH YEAH, THE "ASSHOLE THEORY"! HA! HA!
HEH HEH.
I GUESS IT'S TRUE.
I KNOW IT'S TRUE! LIKE, WHO'S THE BIGGEST ARTIST IN THIS TOWN? ANDY WARHOL? WELL, HE'S ALSO THE BIGGEST ASSHOLE!
HMM...
AND WHO WOULD YOU SAY IS THE MOST FAMOUS CARTOONIST RIGHT NOW?
LET'S SEE, UH...THAT GUY THAT DOES "DOONESBURY."..
...AND HE'S AN ASSHOLE!

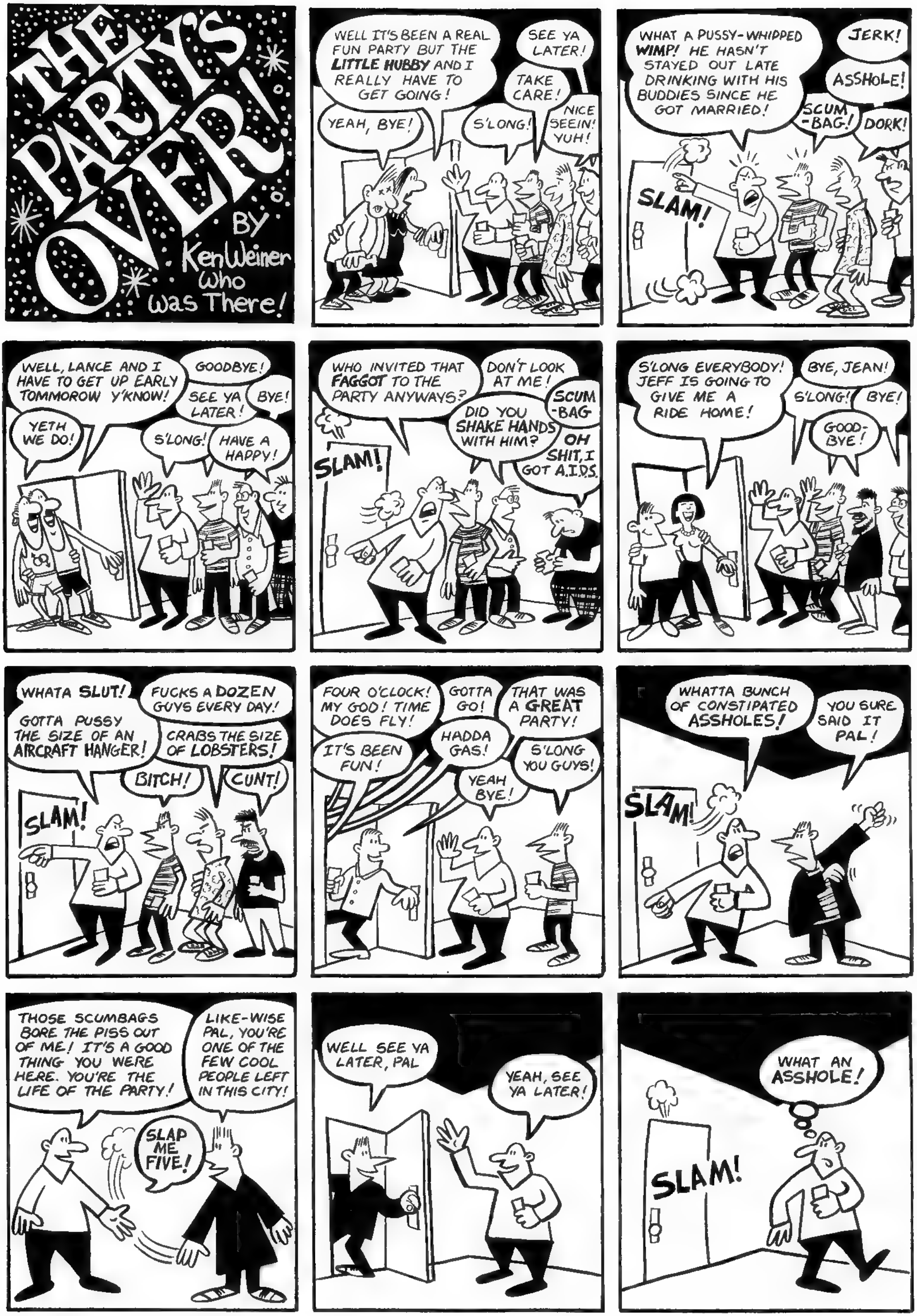

REGGIE JACKSON ISN'T THE BEST BALL-PLAYER, BUT HE'S THE MOST FAMOUS 'CUZ HE'S SUCH AN ASSHOLE!
THE LAST FIVE PRESIDENTS WERE ALL CHRONIC ASSHOLES!
I WONDER WHY THAT'S TRUE?
BECAUSE ASSHOLES GET **ATTENTION**! THE SQUEAKY WHEEL GETS THE GREASE!
IF THAT THEORY'S TRUE WHY AREN'T **YOU GUYS** FAMOUS?
EVESDROPPING, EH? I THOUGHT YOU WERE READING!
HOW CAN I READ WITH THE RACKET YOU TWO ARE MAKING... **UMMMM! CHOCOLATE CUP LIQUEURS!** LET'S HAVE SOME!
YEAH!
PUN
WHAT'S A CHOCOLATE CUP LIQUEUR?
YOU FILL THESE LIL' CHOCOLATE CUPS WITH A SWEET LIQUEUR!
YA DRINK IT FIRST AND THEN YA KIN EAT THE CUP!
HERE, TRY ONE!
GREEN BOOZE?
IT'S A WATER-MELON LIQUEUR! IT'S **DELICIOUS**!
HAW! LOOK AT HIM! S'MATTER, TOO **SWEET** FOR YA?
I'LL FINISH IT FOR YA IF YA DON'T WANT IT.
ACK!
YOU CAN HAVE THE **BOOZE** PART, I WANNA EAT THE **CUP**.
HEY RANDY, AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE GOING OUT THIS AFTERNOON?
I'M LEAVING NOW, AND WHILE I'M GONE I DON'T WANT YOU **SNITCHIN'** ANYMORE **CHOCOLATE CUPS**!
SO WHO SAYS I'M GONNA **SNITCH**!
YER ALWAYS SNITCHIN'! I'LL BE HOME AROUND SIX...
"THE **SNITCH** AND THE **BITCH**", THAT'S **US**! SEE YA LATER...
...YOU WANT ANOTHER CHOCOLATE CUP LIQUEUR?
SLAM!
GASP!
Le Petite Die chocolate un François
BUT RANDY JUST SAID...
HEY, I'M THE BOSS OF THIS HOUSE! NOW TAKE ONE!


WELL... OKAY...
FLUTTER! FLUTTER!
HEH-HEH!
CHOMP!
LOOK! THERE'S THAT SLUT!!!
WHA?!?
CRAWCK!
LOOK, IN THAT WINDOW, IN THE NEXT BUILDING... SEE THAT GIRL?
YEAH...?
SHE USED TO GO OUT WITH A FRIEND OF MINE. THE TWO OF THEM USED TO SIT AT THAT WINDOW AND TALK TO ME WHENEVER WE'D SPOT EACH OTHER FROM ACROSS THE ALLEY, Y'KNOW, WE'D LAUGH AND JOKE AND STUFF! BUT THEN THEY BROKE UP, AND EVER SINCE THEN SHE PRETENDS THAT SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ME! I'D TRY TO SAY HI TO HER AND SHE WOULD JUST LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M SOME KIND OF DISGUSTING WEIRDO PERVERT OR SOMETHING!
ITCH! SCRATCH!
FUCKING CUNT!
THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY IN THIS TOWN IS LIKE! IT'S A CITY OF SHITHEADS!
WELL IF YOU HATE NEW YORK SO MUCH WHY DON'T YOU MOVE OUT?
OH SURE, BE JUST LIKE YOU AND MOVE TO THE WEST COAST, RIGHT?
WELL... YEAH! WHY DONTCHA?!
BECAUSE EVERYONE'S A COMMIE-HIPPY-FAGGOT ON THE WEST COAST! THEY'RE ALL INTO "SAVING WHALES" ON THE WEST COAST!
YOU'RE THINKING OF CALIFORNIA. I'M MOVING TO SEATTLE!
YOU'RE JUST LIKE MY UNCLE, ALWAYS TELLING ME TO "MOVE TO THE WEST COAST." YOU KNOW WHAT ALWAYS BUGGED ME ABOUT MY UNCLE? HE USED TO BELIEVE IN "WORLD PEACE". HOW NAIVE: WORLD PEACE! HE BELONGS ON THE WEST COAST!
HE MOVED TO CALIFORNIA. I'M MOVING TO SEATTLE.
SEATTLE'S WORSE! THAT'S WHERE ALL THE LAMEBRAINS MOVE, IS TO SEATTLE!
FOOM!
AW, I'M JUST KIDDING YA. HECK, I ENVY YOU! I WISH I WAS GETTING OUT OF THIS TOWN AND I DON'T CARE WHERE TO!


Y'KNOW WHERE I'D LIKE TO LIVE? INDIANAPOLIS!!
INDIANAPOLIS!? JEEZUS-FUCKING-CHRIST!!
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO THE INDY 500? IT'S GREAT!! PEOPLE GET REALLY DRUNK AND SET THEMSELVES ON FIRE! NOW THAT'S MY KIND OF TOWN!
ALL I KNOW ABOUT INDIANAPOLIS IS THAT PEOPLE MOVE AWAY FROM THERE!
DON'T KNOCK IT UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN THERE! BUT HEY, I BET SEATTLE'S A NICE PLACE TOO!
I GUESS I'LL FIND OUT. IT'S A PRETTY PLACE AT LEAST.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IN SEATTLE?
DRAW CARTOONS.
OH, THAT'S CUTE. HAVE FUN STARVING TO DEATH.
I'M NOT DOING SO HOT HERE EITHER, SO WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
HEY, THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE YOU'LL EVER MAKE ANY DECENT MONEY AT IT. PROBLEM IS YOU NEVER LEARNED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT; YOU'VE JUST BEEN TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF! PROBLEM IS YOU'RE A SAP.
THANKS A LOT.
IT'S TRUE! SOME TWO-BIT EDITOR WILL TELL YOU YOU'RE A GENIUS AND YOU'RE ALL TOO WILLING TO BELIEVE HIM! THEN WHEN YOU GET FUCKED-OVER AND RIPPED-OFF YOU CRY "BUT HE SAID I WAS A GENIUS! BOO-HOO-HOO!"
I DO NOT!
YOU DO TOO!!! YOU'RE AN IGNORANT CHUMP! LISTEN, TAKE MY ADVICE: DON'T TRUST ANYBODY! EVERYBODY'S OUT FOR THEMSELVES, JUST WAITING FOR THE CHANCE TO SCREW YOU INTO THE GROUND! AND IF YOU HAVE HALF A BRAIN YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT! AND BELIEVE ME, THE ONLY REASON I'M TELLING YOU THIS IS BECAUSE I'M YOUR ONLY FRIEND!
SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST I DO, GO AFTER EDITORS WITH A SLEDGEHAMMER?
THAT WAS AN ART DIRECTOR, AND I ONLY DID THAT ONCE!! (BUT I GOT MY MONEY, DIDN'T I? HEH-HEH!)
BESIDES, NOW WHEN SOMEBODY OWES ME MONEY I JUST SIC MY COLLECTION AGENCY ON THEM!
OH YEAH, YOU AND YOUR STUPID COLLECTION AGENCY!
LIL' BIG-SHOT B-B PISTOL
IT IS NOT STUPID! IT'S HOW YA GOTTA DO IT!
BUT WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE THEM TO SMALL CLAIMS COURT! IT'S A LOT CHEAPER!


BECAUSE A COLLECTION AGENCY **HUMILIATES** THEM! LET'S THEM KNOW WHO THEY'RE DEALING WITH!
"THE MIGHTY KEN WEINER".
THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S A MATTER OF PRIDE, GODAMMIT! WHY CAN'T ANYBODY UNDERSTAND THAT?!
ALRIGHT, SO I'M JUST "THE LITTLE GUY" TO THEM! BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL ALWAYS BE THE LITTLE GUY TO THEM SO LONG AS I KEEP LETTING THEM WALK ALL OVER ME!!!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
I'M NO HACK! I'M A FINE-FUCKING-ARTIST!!!
I'M AN ARTIST, GODDAMMIT! PEOPLE SHOULD HAVE RESPECT FOR ME! WHAT MAKES THEM THINK I HAVTA TAKE THEIR SHIT!?!
THEY SHOULD BE KISSING MY ASS, NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND!!
SO THIS WEEK YOU'RE A FINE ARTIST, EH?
WHAT'S **THAT** SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
LAST WEEK YOU DESCRIBED YOURSELF AS A HACK–NOTHIN' BUT A **HACK**!
I DID NOT!
YES YOU DID! YOU SAID "I'M A HACK AND PROUD OF IT! **HACK IT OUT**, THAT'S MY MOTTO! I AIN'T NO PRIMA-DONNA, JUST GIVE ME MY MEASLY CHECK AND I'M HAPPY..."


OKAY, SO I SAID IT! DON'T I HAVE THE RIGHT TO CONTRADICT MYSELF!?!
HAVE YOU HEARD MY NEW SOUND EFFECTS RECORD?
..WHUT?...UH, NO, I HAVENT.
IT'S A GOOD ONE! I'LL PUT IT ON.
SOUNDS FROM SPACE
WEEEOOOOOOoo...BOOP...BOOP...BOOP
Y'KNOW WHAT I THINK THE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM IS?
NO, WHAT.
BREEEWOOUUWWW!
OOT! OOT! OOT! OOT! OOT!
I THINK THE SOLUTION IS TO SIMPLY DECIDE WHAT IT IS—EXACTLY—THAT YOU WANT TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE, AND TO JUST STICK WITH IT NO MATTER WHAT...
HMM...
BZZIT! BZZZAT!
THAT WAY, LIKE, EVEN IF YOU'RE A MISERABLE FAILURE AND EVERYONE THINKS YOU STINK, YOU COULD BE LYING ON YOUR DEATH BED AND SAY WELP, AT LEAST I DID WHAT I WANTED TO DO, SO FUCK 'EM!
VROOT! VROOT! VROOT! VROOT! VROOOO...
ATTENTION-EARTHLINGS-BEEP!-WITHIN-A-SHORT-MATTER-OF-TIME-YOUR-PLANET-SHALL-BE-ANNIHILATED-BEEP!-
HAW! HAW! WHAT A GREAT RECORD!
I SHOULD GET GOING...
OH...
VREEEET!
WELP, SEE YA AROUND, PAL!
YUP. SEE YA!
HEY! YOU FORGOT THIS!
THE END.

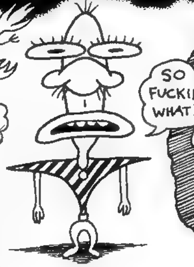

THE PARTY'S OVER!
BY Ken Weiner Who was There!
WELL IT'S BEEN A REAL FUN PARTY BUT THE LITTLE HUBBY AND I REALLY HAVE TO GET GOING!
SEE YA LATER!
TAKE CARE!
YEAH, BYE!
S'LONG!
NICE SEEIN! YUH!
WHAT A PUSSY-WHIPPED WIMP! HE HASN'T STAYED OUT LATE DRINKING WITH HIS BUDDIES SINCE HE GOT MARRIED!
JERK!
ASSHOLE!
SCUM-BAG!
DORK!
SLAM!
WELL, LANCE AND I HAVE TO GET UP EARLY TOMMOROW Y'KNOW!
GOODBYE!
SEE YA LATER!
BYE!
YETH WE DO!
S'LONG!
HAVE A HAPPY!
WHO INVITED THAT FAGGOT TO THE PARTY ANYWAYS?
DON'T LOOK AT ME!
SCUM-BAG
DID YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM?
OH SHIT, I GOT A.I.D.S.
SLAM!
S'LONG EVERYBODY! JEFF IS GOING TO GIVE ME A RIDE HOME!
BYE, JEAN!
S'LONG!
BYE!
GOOD-BYE!
WHATA SLUT!
FUCKS A DOZEN GUYS EVERY DAY!
GOTTA PUSSY THE SIZE OF AN AIRCRAFT HANGER!
CRABS THE SIZE OF LOBSTERS!
SLAM!
BITCH!
CUNT!
FOUR O'CLOCK! MY GOD! TIME DOES FLY!
GOTTA GO!
THAT WAS A GREAT PARTY!
IT'S BEEN FUN!
HADDA GAS!
S'LONG YOU GUYS!
YEAH BYE!
WHATTA BUNCH OF CONSTIPATED ASSHOLES!
YOU SURE SAID IT PAL!
SLAM!
THOSE SCUMBAGS BORE THE PISS OUT OF ME! IT'S A GOOD THING YOU WERE HERE. YOU'RE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!
LIKE-WISE PAL, YOU'RE ONE OF THE FEW COOL PEOPLE LEFT IN THIS CITY!
SLAP ME FIVE!
WELL SEE YA LATER, PAL
YEAH, SEE YA LATER!
WHAT AN ASSHOLE!
SLAM!

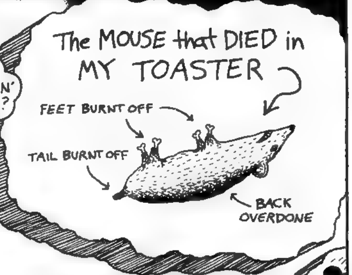
A PAGE OF CRAP BY DENNIS "Never throw nothin' away" WORDEN ©1984

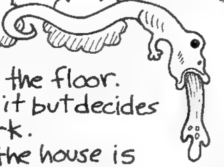
VERY Short STORIES

BIRDS THE WORD

#1. A guy came over to fix our T.V.. He looked hideous. When he bent down he let out a huge fart. We all died...

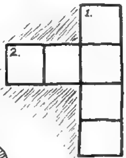

SO FUCKIN' WHAT?


The MOUSE that DIED in MY TOASTER
FEET BURNT OFF
TAIL BURNT OFF
BACK OVERDONE



#2 A guy sees a bug on the floor. He thinks about killing it but decides not to. He goes to work.

When he gets home the house is all clean. Absolutely spotless! The bug is standing in the middle of the room with a mop and a sponge. The guy thinks "wow, what a great bug!" and he gives it a bit of bread and cheese. This goes on for several weeks until one day he comes home to his spotless house but is out of bread and cheese. The bug complains so he kills it.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE FOR JERKS

DOWN

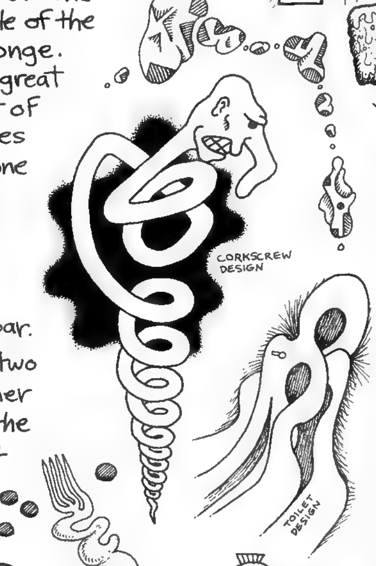
① SLANG FOR SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

ACROSS

② NOT ME

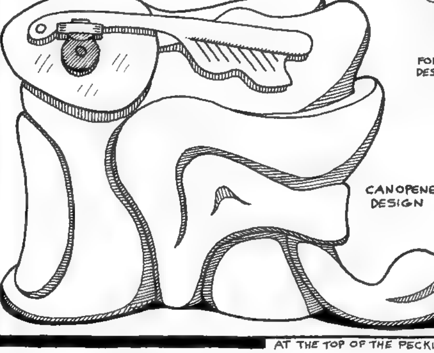
#3. A guy meets a girl in a bar. She talks about sex for two hours straight. He takes her to his apt. They go into the bedroom. She talks about the weather.

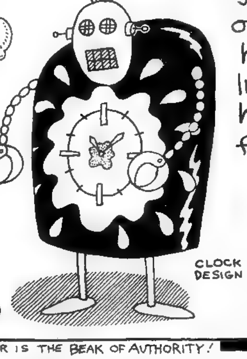
(TOO FUCKIN' REAL AIN'T IT?)

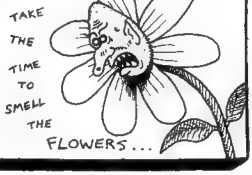

CORKSCREW DESIGN
TOILET DESIGN

PUTRID POETRY

My dogs butthole
he sticks it in my face
like a piece of artwork
hung in its place
I push it away
he slides it on the rug
I give him a kick
he gives my leg a hug
I tell him he's gross
but that's his cue
to bury his nose
in his outlet for doo
he gives it a lick
farts in his own face
gets a good whiff
of dog butthole mace
he walks away
lies down on the floor
had enough of his anus
for awhile...


FORK DESIGN
CANOPENER DESIGN

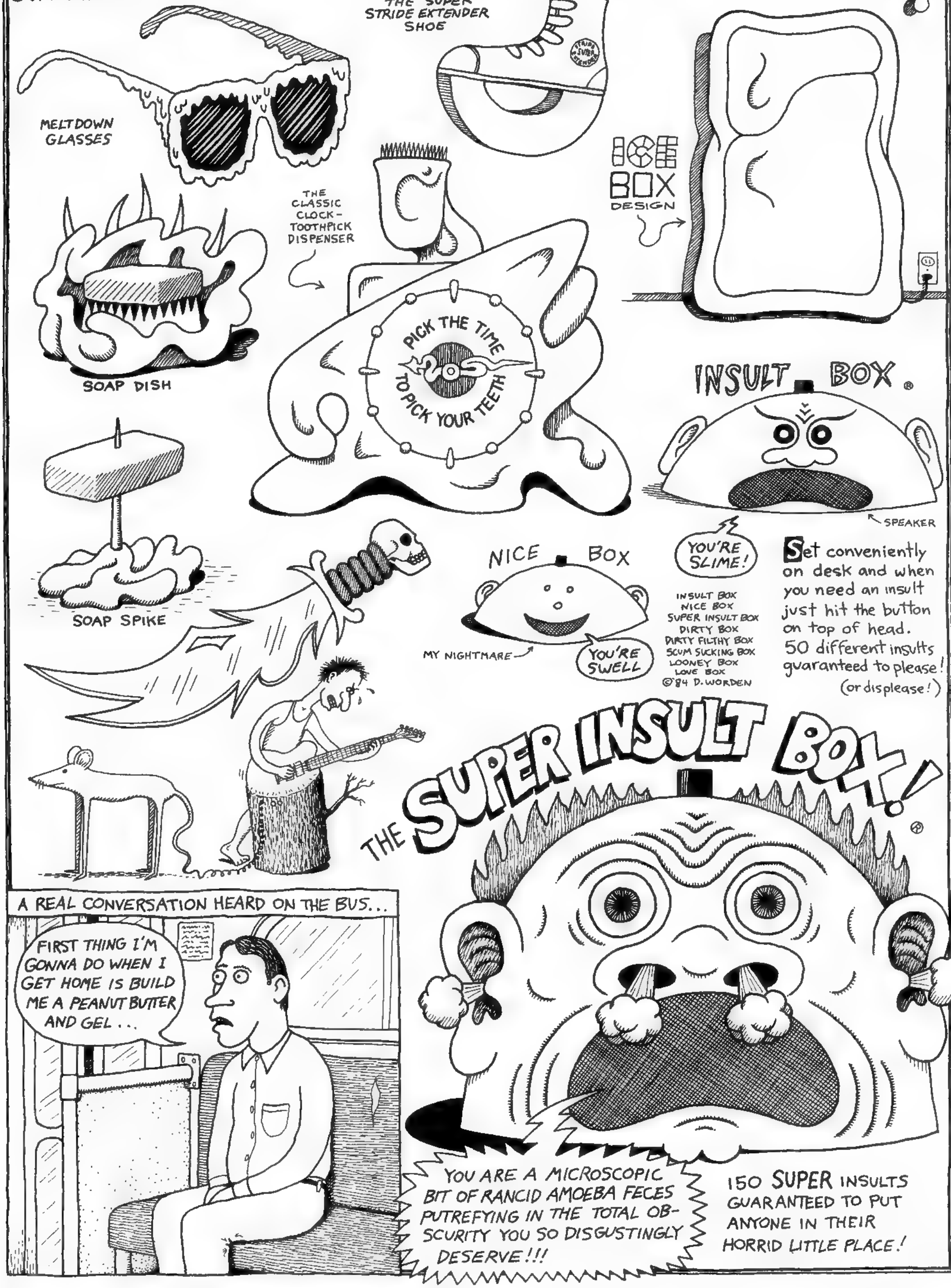

CLOCK DESIGN


TAKE THE TIME TO SMELL THE FLOWERS...

AT THE TOP OF THE PECKING ORDER IS THE BEAK OF AUTHORITY!

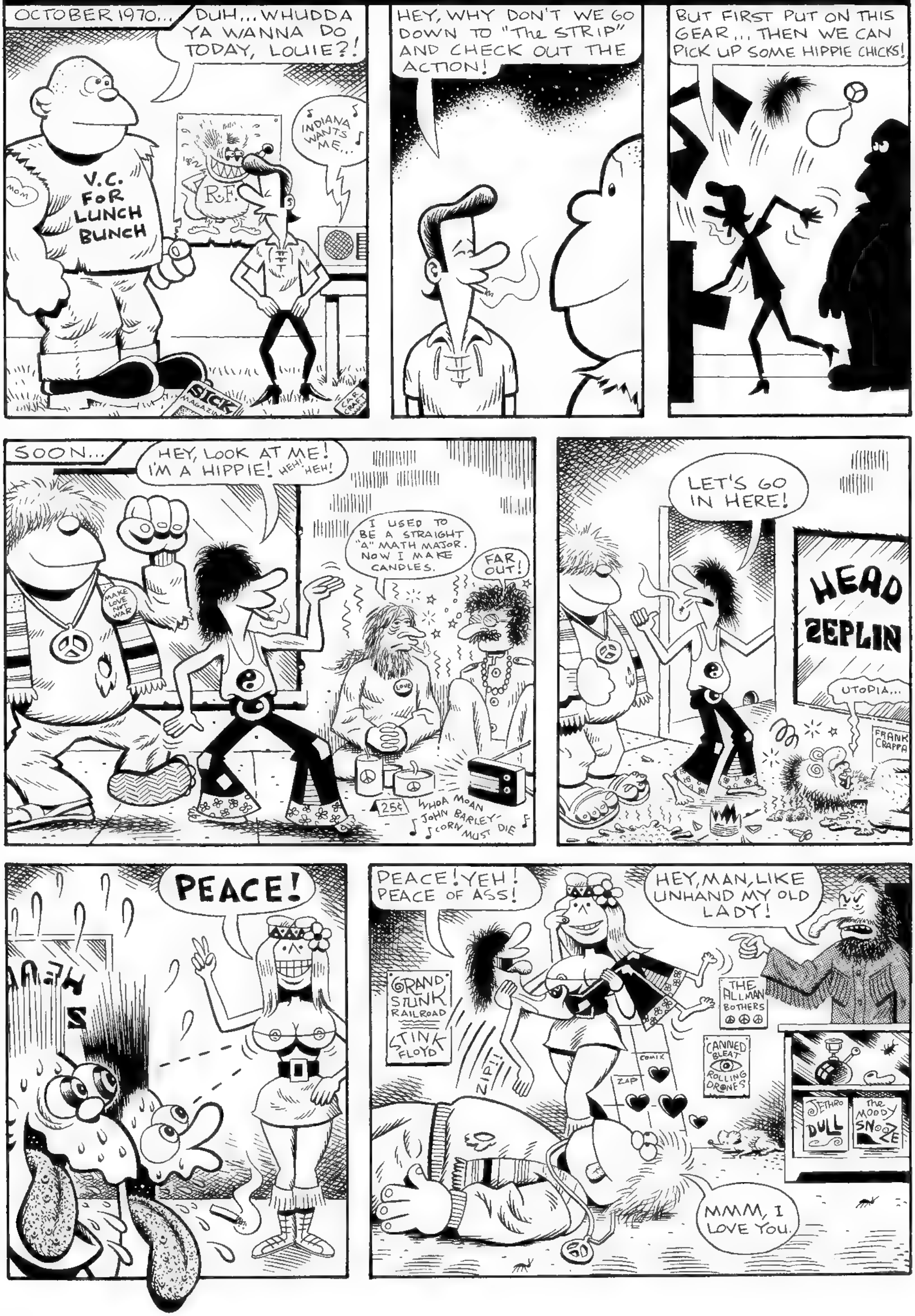
MORE CRAP

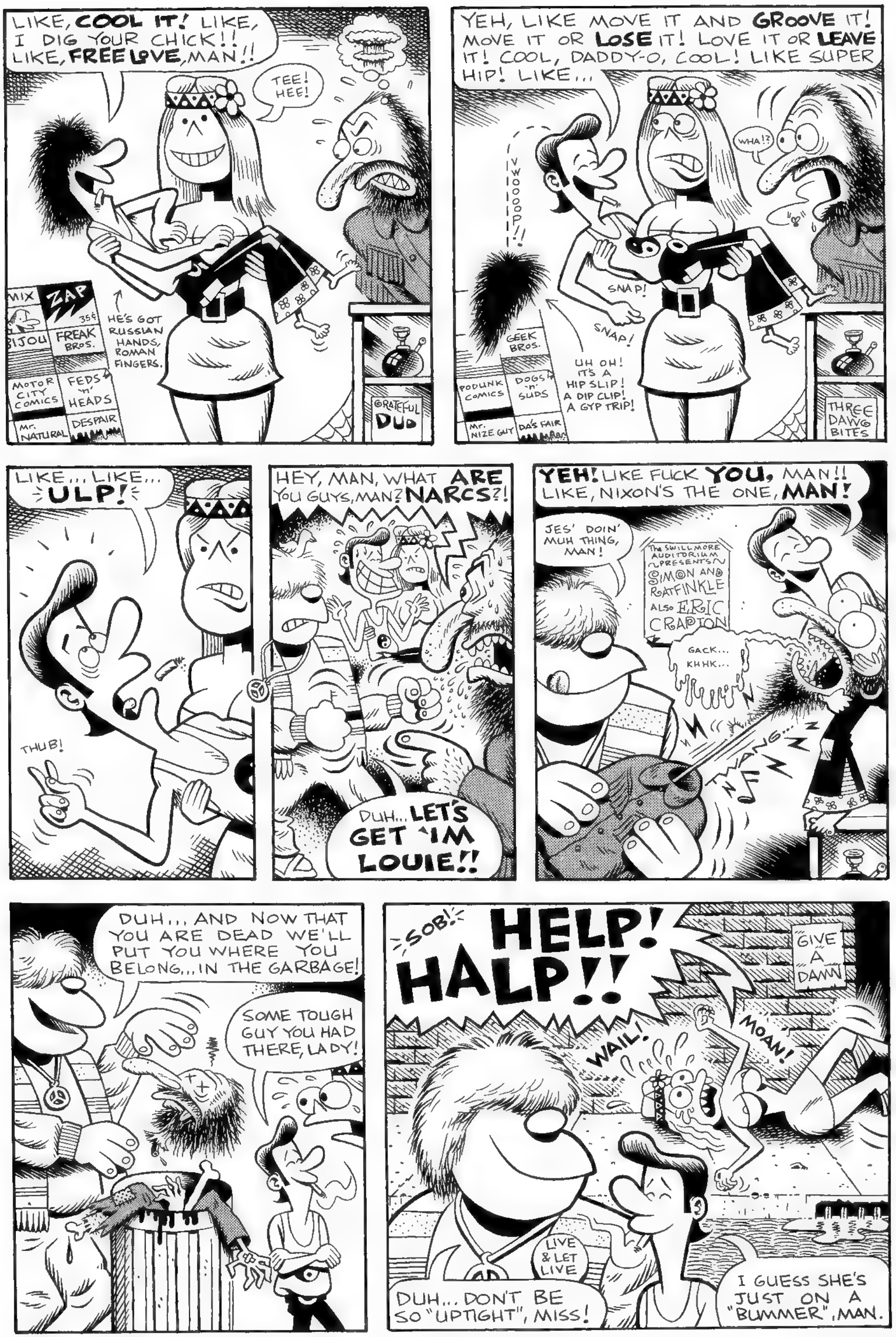
©'84 D.WORDEN

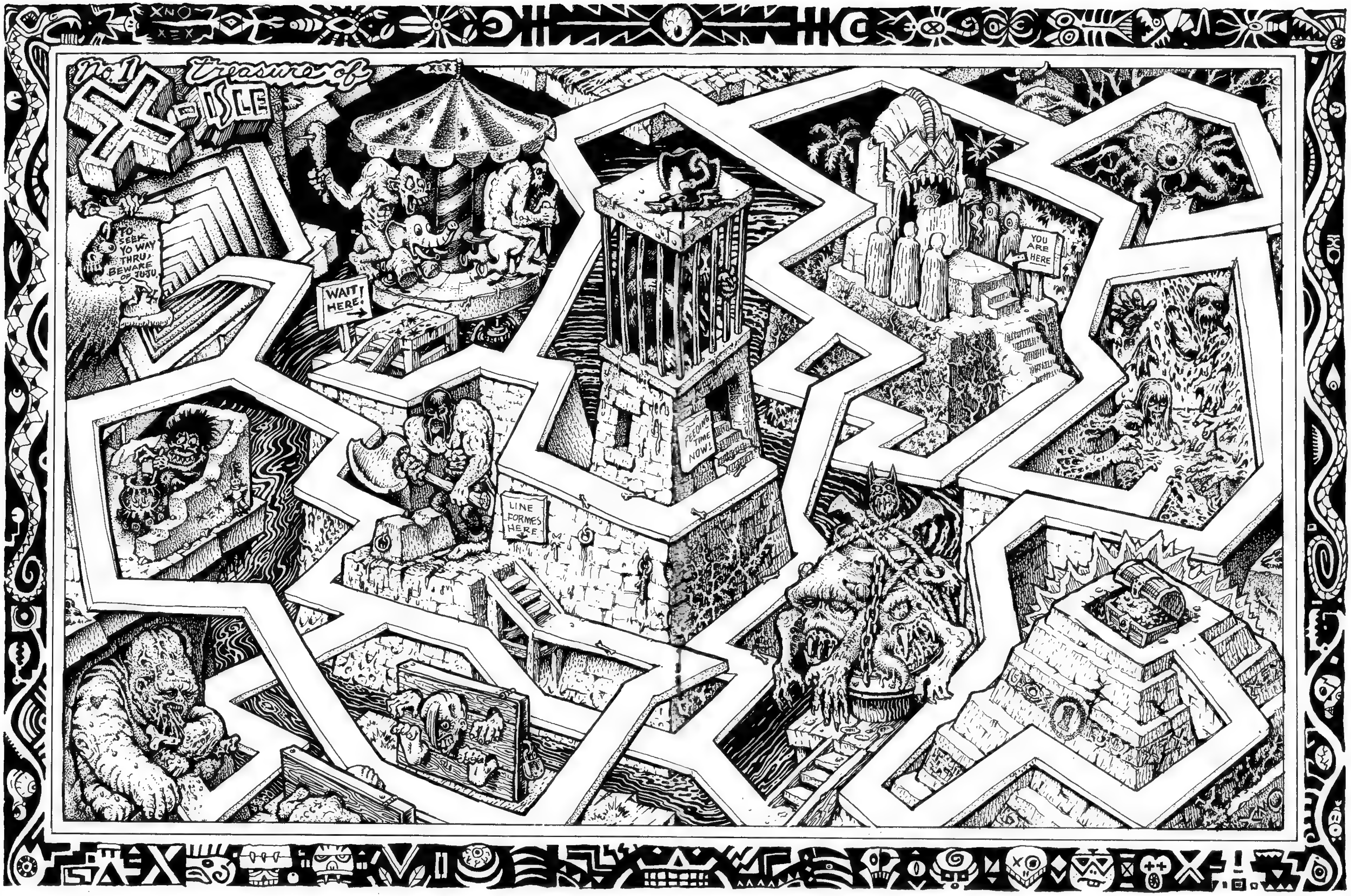

THE SUPER STRIDE EXTENDER SHOE
STRIDE SUPER EXTENDER
MELTDOWN GLASSES
ICE BOX DESIGN
THE CLASSIC CLOCK-TOOTHPICK DISPENSER
PICK THE TIME TO PICK YOUR TEETH
SOAP DISH
INSULT BOX ®
SPEAKER
SOAP SPIKE
NICE BOX
YOU'RE SLIME!
MY NIGHTMARE
YOU'RE SWELL
INSULT BOX
NICE BOX
SUPER INSULT BOX
DIRTY BOX
DIRTY FILTHY BOX
SCUM SUCKING BOX
LOONEY BOX
LOVE BOX
©'84 D.WORDEN
Set conveniently on desk and when you need an insult just hit the button on top of head. 50 different insults guaranteed to please! (or displease!)
THE SUPER INSULT BOX! ®
A REAL CONVERSATION HEARD ON THE BUS...
FIRST THING I'M GONNA DO WHEN I GET HOME IS BUILD ME A PEANUT BUTTER AND GEL...
YOU ARE A MICROSCOPIC BIT OF RANCID AMOEBA FECES PUTREFYING IN THE TOTAL OBSCURITY YOU SO DISGUSTINGLY DESERVE!!!
150 SUPER INSULTS GUARANTEED TO PUT ANYONE IN THEIR HORRID LITTLE PLACE!

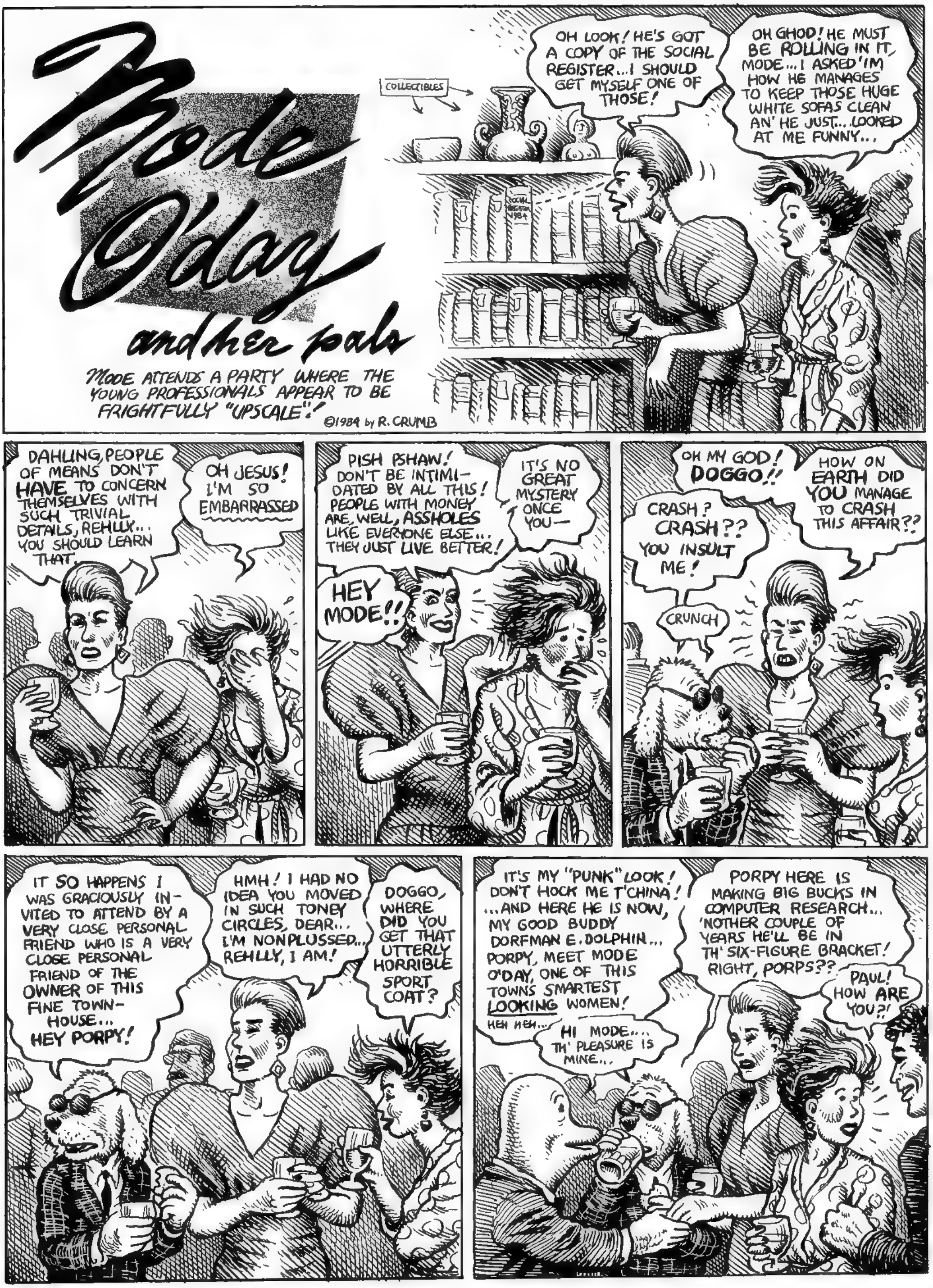
LI'L LOUIE & BULLDOZER IN REST IN PEACES

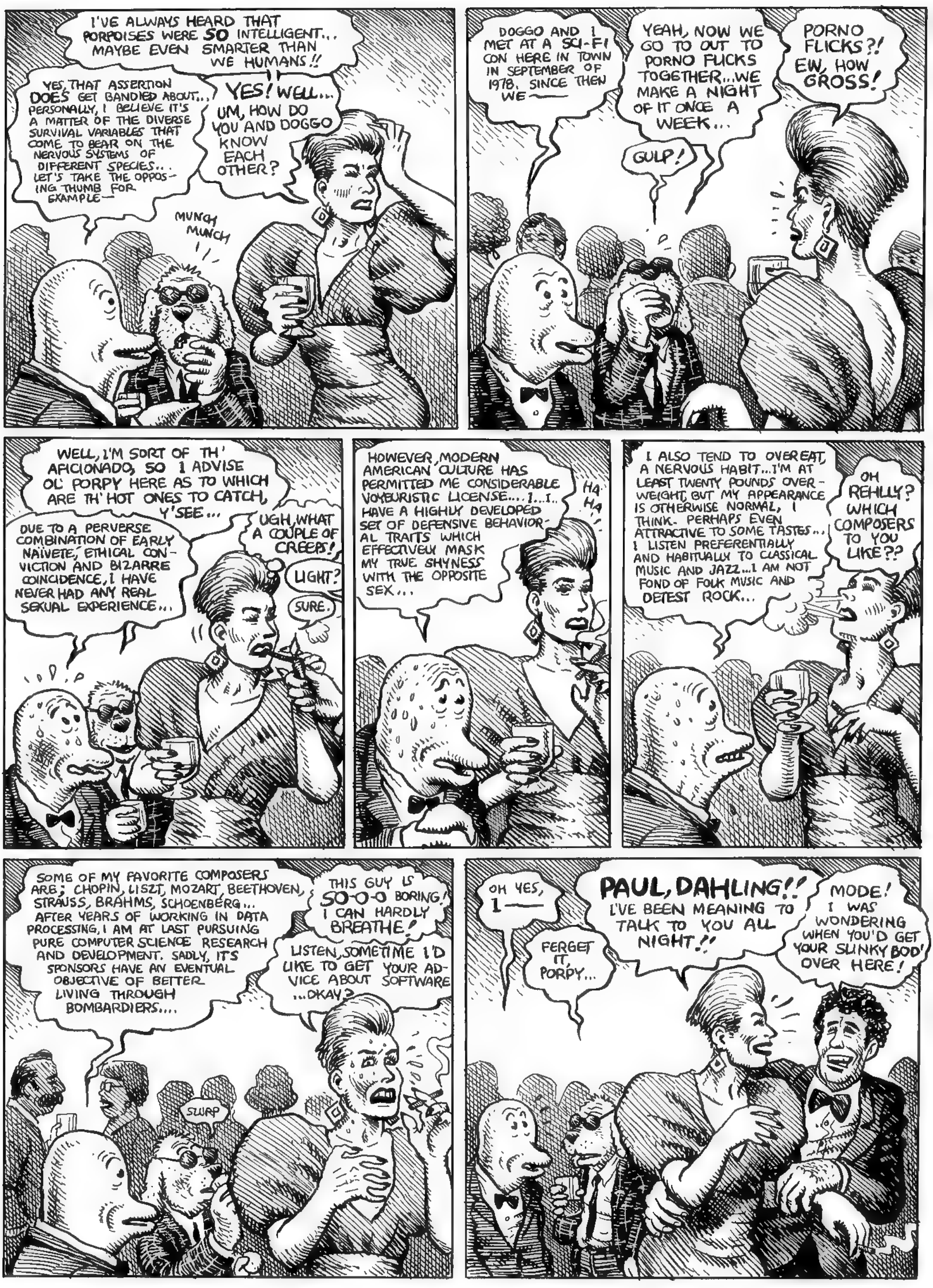
©1984 J. D. KING

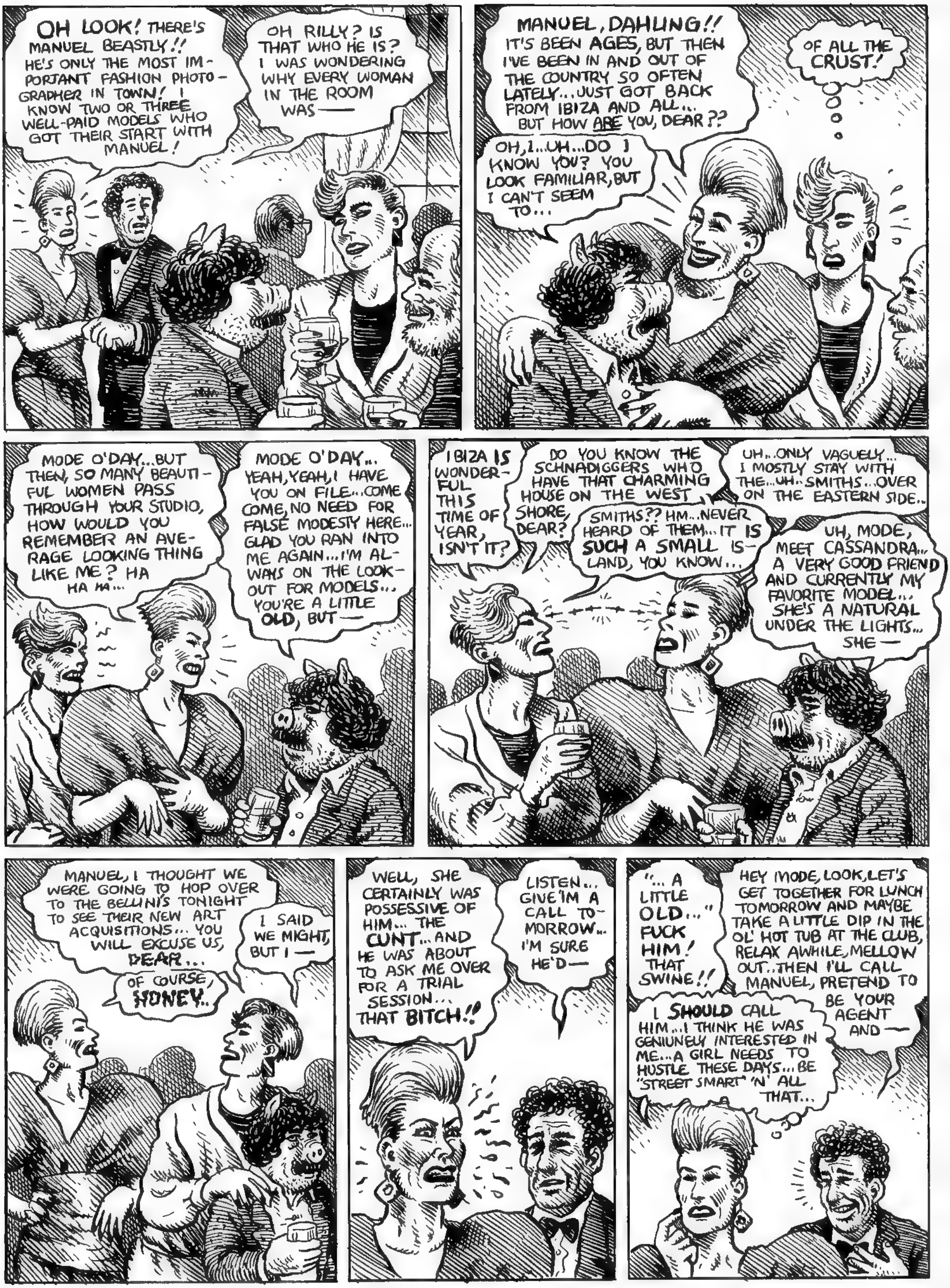

OCTOBER 1970...
DUH... WHUDDA YA WANNA DO TODAY, LOUIE?!
MOM
V.C. FOR LUNCH BUNCH
R.F.
♪ INDIANA WANTS ME... ♪
SICK MAGAZINE
CAR CRAFT
HEY, WHY DON'T WE GO DOWN TO "The STRIP" AND CHECK OUT THE ACTION!
BUT FIRST PUT ON THIS GEAR... THEN WE CAN PICK UP SOME HIPPIE CHICKS!
SOON...
HEY, LOOK AT ME! I'M A HIPPIE! HEH! HEH!
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
I USED TO BE A STRAIGHT "A" MATH MAJOR. NOW I MAKE CANDLES.
FAR OUT!
LOVE
25¢
♪ WHOA MOAN JOHN BARLEY-CORN MUST DIE ♪
LET'S GO IN HERE!
HEAD ZEPLIN
UTOPIA...
FRANK CRAPPA
PEACE!
PEACE! YEH! PEACE OF ASS!
HEY, MAN, LIKE UNHAND MY OLD LADY!
GRAND STUNK RAILROAD
STINK FLOYD
THE ALLMAN BOTHERS
CANNED BLEAT
ROLLING DRONES
COMIX
ZAP
ZIP!!
JETHRO DULL
The MOODY SNOOZE
MMM, I LOVE YOU.

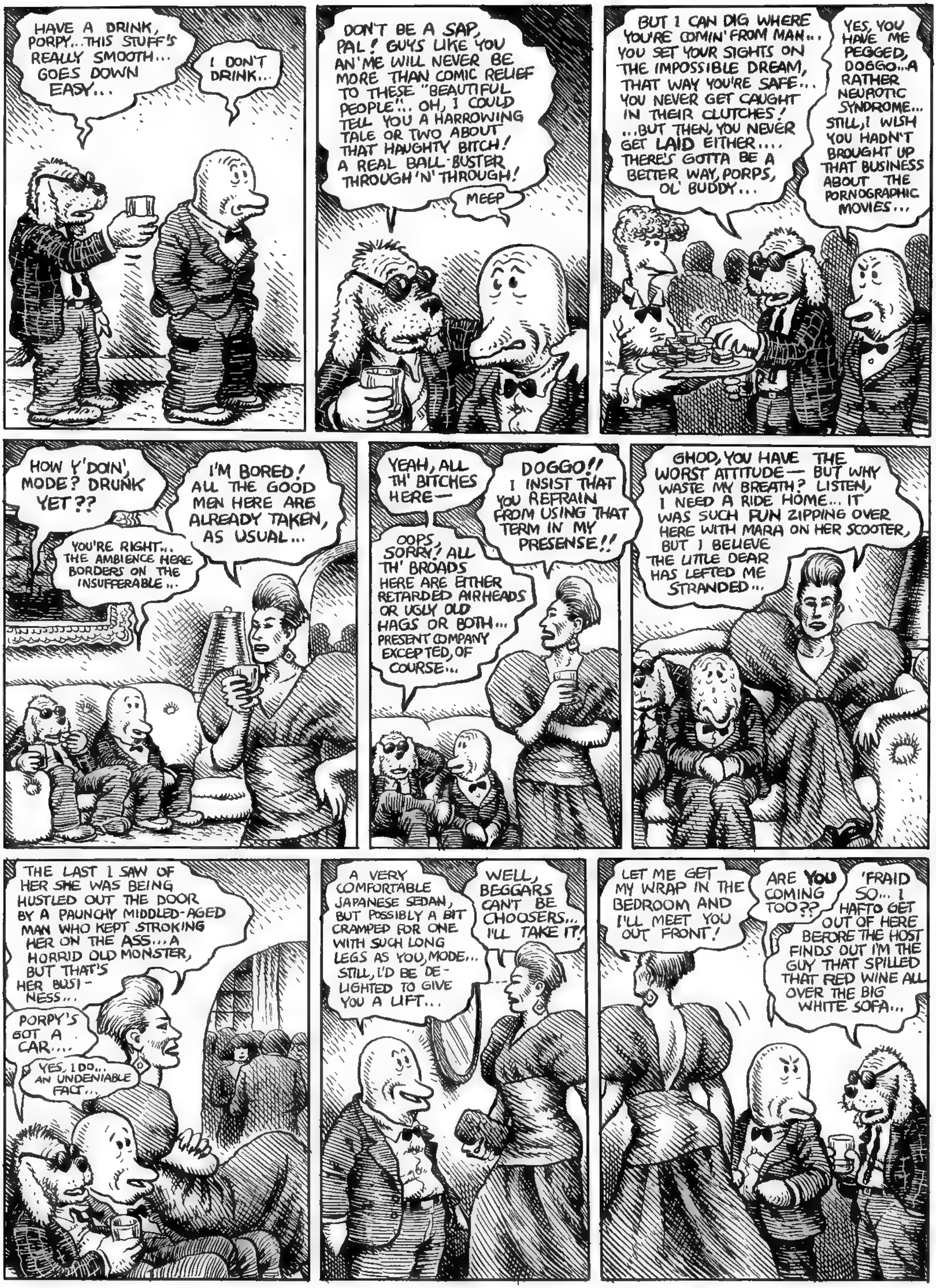

LIKE, COOL IT! LIKE, I DIG YOUR CHICK!! LIKE, FREE LOVE, MAN!!
TEE! HEE!
MIX
ZAP 35¢
BIJOU
FREAK BROS.
MOTOR CITY COMICS
FEDS 'N' HEADS
Mr. NATURAL
DESPAIR
HE'S GOT RUSSIAN HANDS, ROMAN FINGERS.
GRATEFUL DUD
YEH, LIKE MOVE IT AND GROOVE IT! MOVE IT OR LOSE IT! LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT! COOL, DADDY-O, COOL! LIKE SUPER HIP! LIKE...
WHA!?
VWOOOOP!!
SNAP!
SNAP!
GEEK BROS.
PODUNK COMICS
DOGS 'N' SUDS
Mr. NIZE GUY
DA'S FAIR
UH OH! IT'S A HIP SLIP! A DIP CLIP! A GYP TRIP!
THREE DAWG BITES
LIKE... LIKE... ULP!
THUB!
HEY, MAN, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS, MAN? NARCS?!
DUH... LET'S GET 'IM LOUIE!!
YEH! LIKE FUCK YOU, MAN!! LIKE, NIXON'S THE ONE, MAN!
JES' DOIN' MUH THING, MAN!
THE SWILLMORE AUDITORIUM PRESENTS SIMON AND RATFINKLE ALSO ERIC CRAPTON
GACK... KHHK...
TWANG...
DUH... AND NOW THAT YOU ARE DEAD WE'LL PUT YOU WHERE YOU BELONG... IN THE GARBAGE!
SOME TOUGH GUY YOU HAD THERE, LADY!
SOB!
HELP! HALP!!
GIVE A DAMN
WAIL!
MOAN!
LIVE & LET LIVE
DUH... DON'T BE SO "UPTIGHT", MISS!
I GUESS SHE'S JUST ON A "BUMMER", MAN.

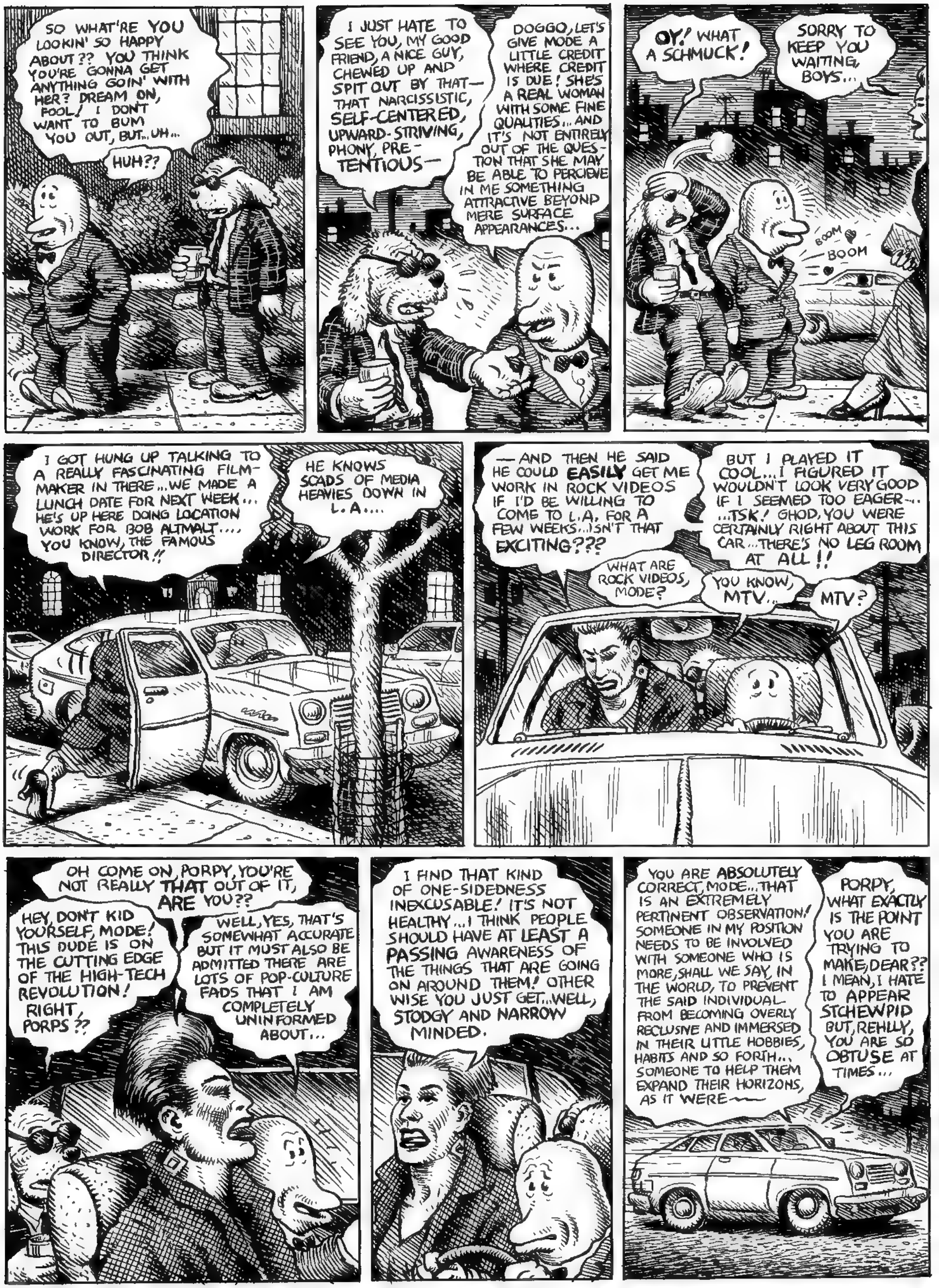

XNO
XEX
No. 1 Treasure of X-ISLE
TO SEEK YO WAY THRU, BEWARE OF JUJU.
WAIT HERE!
XEX
YOU ARE HERE
FEEDING TIME NOW!
LINE FORMES HERE

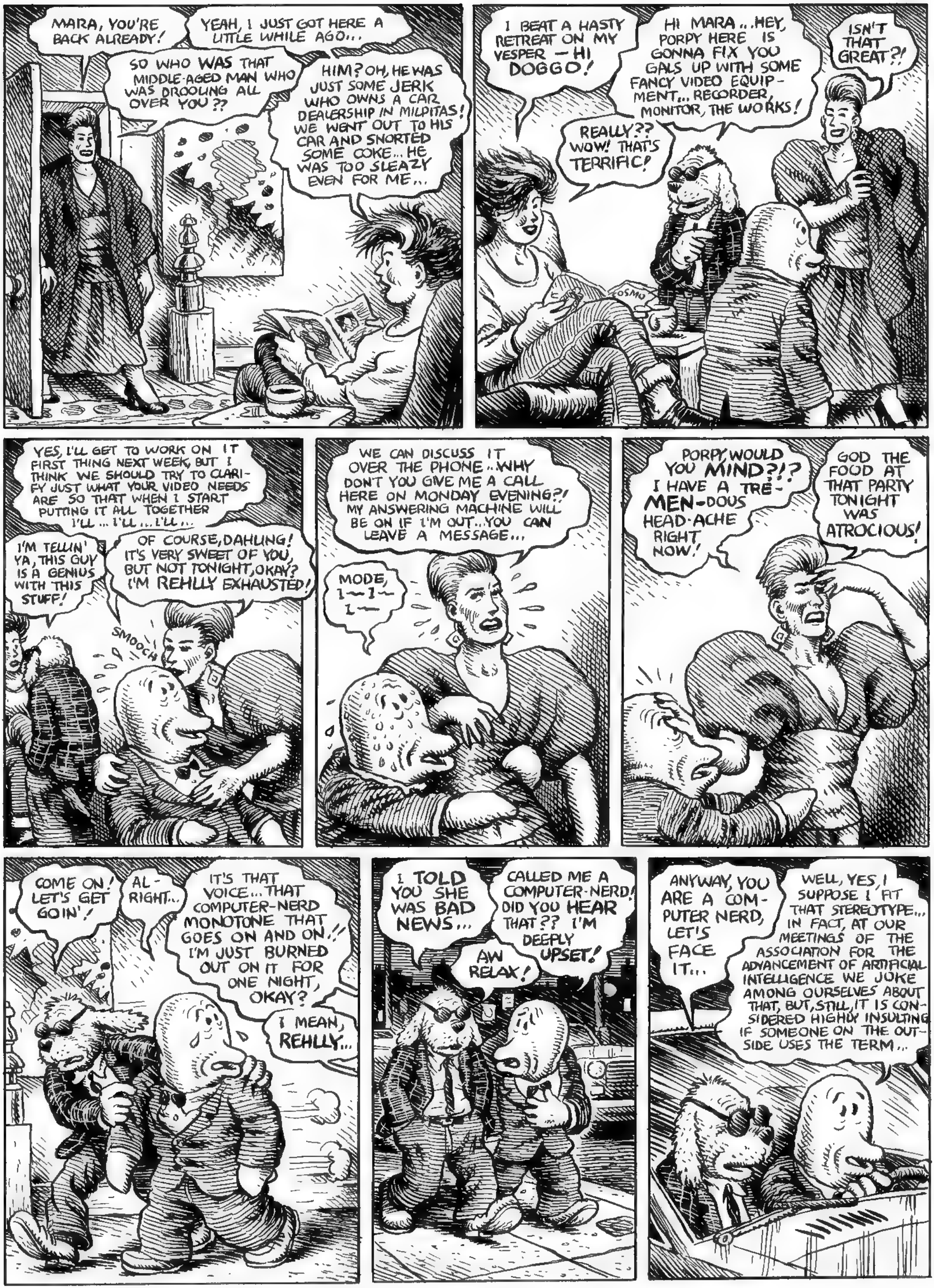

Mode O'day and her pals
MODE ATTENDS A PARTY WHERE THE YOUNG PROFESSIONALS APPEAR TO BE FRIGHTFULLY "UPSCALE"!
©1984 by R. CRUMB
COLLECTIBLES
SOCIAL REGISTER 1984
OH LOOK! HE'S GOT A COPY OF THE SOCIAL REGISTER... I SHOULD GET MYSELF ONE OF THOSE!
OH GHOD! HE MUST BE ROLLING IN IT, MODE... I ASKED 'IM HOW HE MANAGES TO KEEP THOSE HUGE WHITE SOFAS CLEAN AN' HE JUST... LOOKED AT ME FUNNY...
DAHLING, PEOPLE OF MEANS DON'T HAVE TO CONCERN THEMSELVES WITH SUCH TRIVIAL DETAILS, REHLLY... YOU SHOULD LEARN THAT.
OH JESUS! I'M SO EMBARRASSED
PISH PSHAW! DON'T BE INTIMIDATED BY ALL THIS! PEOPLE WITH MONEY ARE, WELL, ASSHOLES LIKE EVERYONE ELSE... THEY JUST LIVE BETTER!
IT'S NO GREAT MYSTERY ONCE YOU—
HEY MODE!!
OH MY GOD! DOGGO!!
HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MANAGE TO CRASH THIS AFFAIR??
CRASH? CRASH?? YOU INSULT ME!
CRUNCH
IT SO HAPPENS I WAS GRACIOUSLY INVITED TO ATTEND BY A VERY CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND WHO IS A VERY CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE OWNER OF THIS FINE TOWN-HOUSE... HEY PORPY!
HMH! I HAD NO IDEA YOU MOVED IN SUCH TONEY CIRCLES, DEAR... I'M NONPLUSSED... REHLLY, I AM!
DOGGO, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT UTTERLY HORRIBLE SPORT COAT?
IT'S MY "PUNK" LOOK! DON'T HOCK ME T'CHINA! ...AND HERE HE IS NOW, MY GOOD BUDDY DORFMAN E. DOLPHIN... PORPY, MEET MODE O'DAY, ONE OF THIS TOWN'S SMARTEST LOOKING WOMEN!
HEH HEH...
PORPY HERE IS MAKING BIG BUCKS IN COMPUTER RESEARCH... 'NOTHER COUPLE OF YEARS HE'LL BE IN TH' SIX-FIGURE BRACKET! RIGHT, PORPS??
HI MODE... TH' PLEASURE IS MINE...
PAUL! HOW ARE YOU?!

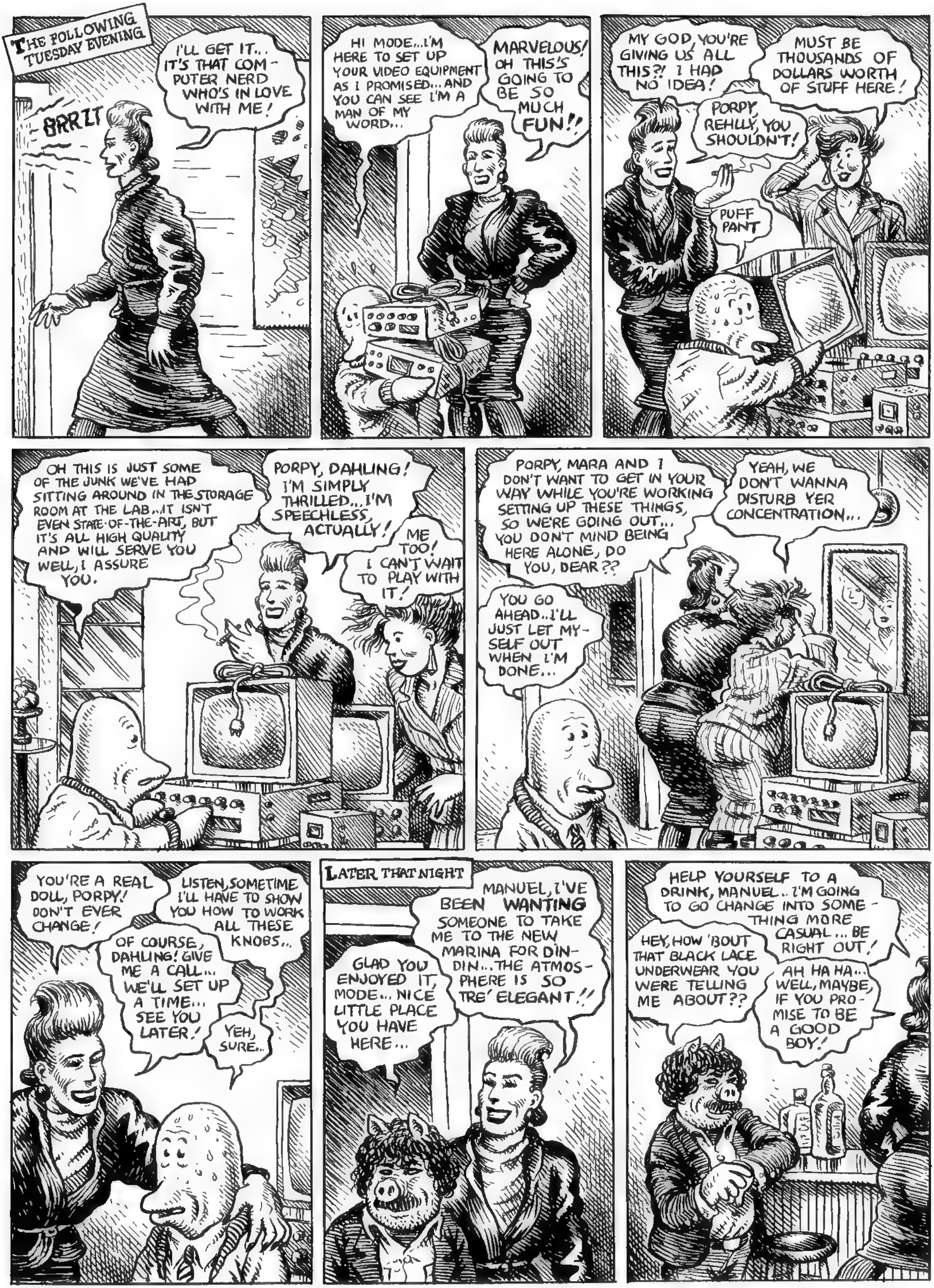

I'VE ALWAYS HEARD THAT PORPOISES WERE SO INTELLIGENT... MAYBE EVEN SMARTER THAN WE HUMANS!!
YES, THAT ASSERTION DOES GET BANDIED ABOUT... PERSONALLY, I BELIEVE IT'S A MATTER OF THE DIVERSE SURVIVAL VARIABLES THAT COME TO BEAR ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEMS OF DIFFERENT SPECIES... LET'S TAKE THE OPPOSING THUMB FOR EXAMPLE—
YES! WELL... UM, HOW DO YOU AND DOGGO KNOW EACH OTHER?
MUNCH MUNCH
DOGGO AND I MET AT A SCI-FI CON HERE IN TOWN IN SEPTEMBER OF 1978. SINCE THEN WE——
YEAH, NOW WE GO TO OUT TO PORNO FLICKS TOGETHER...WE MAKE A NIGHT OF IT ONCE A WEEK...
GULP!
PORNO FLICKS?! EW, HOW GROSS!
WELL, I'M SORT OF TH' AFICIONADO, SO I ADVISE OL' PORPY HERE AS TO WHICH ARE TH' HOT ONES TO CATCH, Y'SEE...
DUE TO A PERVERSE COMBINATION OF EARLY NAÏVETE, ETHICAL CONVICTION AND BIZARRE COINCIDENCE, I HAVE NEVER HAD ANY REAL SEXUAL EXPERIENCE...
UGH, WHAT A COUPLE OF CREEPS!
LIGHT?
SURE.
HOWEVER, MODERN AMERICAN CULTURE HAS PERMITTED ME CONSIDERABLE VOYEURISTIC LICENSE.... I...I... HAVE A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SET OF DEFENSIVE BEHAVIORAL TRAITS WHICH EFFECTIVELY MASK MY TRUE SHYNESS WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX...
HA HA
I ALSO TEND TO OVEREAT, A NERVOUS HABIT...I'M AT LEAST TWENTY POUNDS OVERWEIGHT, BUT MY APPEARANCE IS OTHERWISE NORMAL, I THINK. PERHAPS EVEN ATTRACTIVE TO SOME TASTES... I LISTEN PREFERENTIALLY AND HABITUALLY TO CLASSICAL MUSIC AND JAZZ...I AM NOT FOND OF FOLK MUSIC AND DETEST ROCK...
OH REHLLY? WHICH COMPOSERS TO YOU LIKE??
SOME OF MY FAVORITE COMPOSERS ARE: CHOPIN, LISZT, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, STRAUSS, BRAHMS, SCHOENBERG... AFTER YEARS OF WORKING IN DATA PROCESSING, I AM AT LAST PURSUING PURE COMPUTER SCIENCE RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT. SADLY, IT'S SPONSORS HAVE AN EVENTUAL OBJECTIVE OF BETTER LIVING THROUGH BOMBARDIERS....
THIS GUY IS SO-O-O BORING! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!
LISTEN, SOMETIME I'D LIKE TO GET YOUR ADVICE ABOUT SOFTWARE ...OKAY?
SLURP
OH YES, I——
FERGET IT, PORPY...
PAUL, DAHLING!! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ALL NIGHT!!
MODE! I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D GET YOUR SLINKY BOD' OVER HERE!

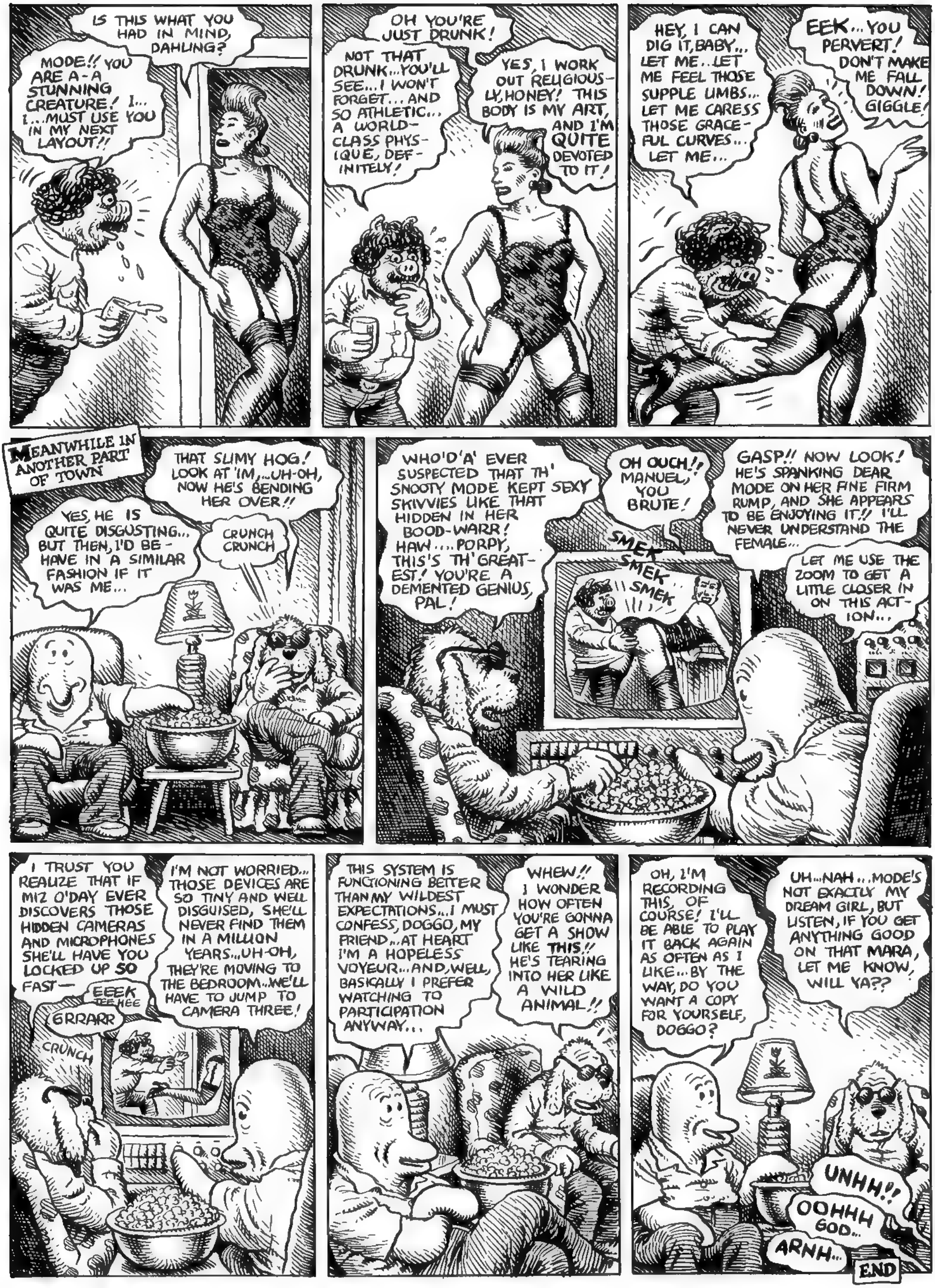

OH LOOK! THERE'S MANUEL BEASTLY!! HE'S ONLY THE MOST IMPORTANT FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER IN TOWN! I KNOW TWO OR THREE WELL-PAID MODELS WHO GOT THEIR START WITH MANUEL!
OH RILLY? IS THAT WHO HE IS? I WAS WONDERING WHY EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM WAS—
MANUEL, DAHLING!! IT'S BEEN AGES, BUT THEN I'VE BEEN IN AND OUT OF THE COUNTRY SO OFTEN LATELY... JUST GOT BACK FROM IBIZA AND ALL... BUT HOW ARE YOU, DEAR??
OF ALL THE CRUST!
OH, I... UH... DO I KNOW YOU? YOU LOOK FAMILIAR, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO...
MODE O'DAY... BUT THEN, SO MANY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN PASS THROUGH YOUR STUDIO, HOW WOULD YOU REMEMBER AN AVERAGE LOOKING THING LIKE ME? HA HA HA...
MODE O'DAY... YEAH, YEAH, I HAVE YOU ON FILE... COME COME, NO NEED FOR FALSE MODESTY HERE... GLAD YOU RAN INTO ME AGAIN... I'M ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MODELS... YOU'RE A LITTLE OLD, BUT—
IBIZA IS WONDERFUL THIS TIME OF YEAR, ISN'T IT?
DO YOU KNOW THE SCHNADIGGERS WHO HAVE THAT CHARMING HOUSE ON THE WEST SHORE, DEAR?
UH... ONLY VAGUELY... I MOSTLY STAY WITH THE... UH... SMITHS... OVER ON THE EASTERN SIDE...
SMITHS?? HM... NEVER HEARD OF THEM... IT IS SUCH A SMALL ISLAND, YOU KNOW...
UH, MODE, MEET CASSANDRA... A VERY GOOD FRIEND AND CURRENTLY MY FAVORITE MODEL... SHE'S A NATURAL UNDER THE LIGHTS... SHE—
MANUEL, I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO HOP OVER TO THE BELLINI'S TONIGHT TO SEE THEIR NEW ART ACQUISITIONS... YOU WILL EXCUSE US, DEAR...
I SAID WE MIGHT, BUT I—
OF COURSE, HONEY..
WELL, SHE CERTAINLY WAS POSSESSIVE OF HIM... THE CUNT... AND HE WAS ABOUT TO ASK ME OVER FOR A TRIAL SESSION... THAT BITCH!!
LISTEN... GIVE 'IM A CALL TOMORROW... I'M SURE HE'D—
"... A LITTLE OLD..." FUCK HIM! THAT SWINE!!
HEY MODE, LOOK, LET'S GET TOGETHER FOR LUNCH TOMORROW AND MAYBE TAKE A LITTLE DIP IN THE OL' HOT TUB AT THE CLUB, RELAX AWHILE, MELLOW OUT... THEN I'LL CALL MANUEL, PRETEND TO BE YOUR AGENT AND—
I SHOULD CALL HIM... I THINK HE WAS GENIUNELY INTERESTED IN ME... A GIRL NEEDS TO HUSTLE THESE DAYS... BE "STREET SMART" 'N' ALL THAT...

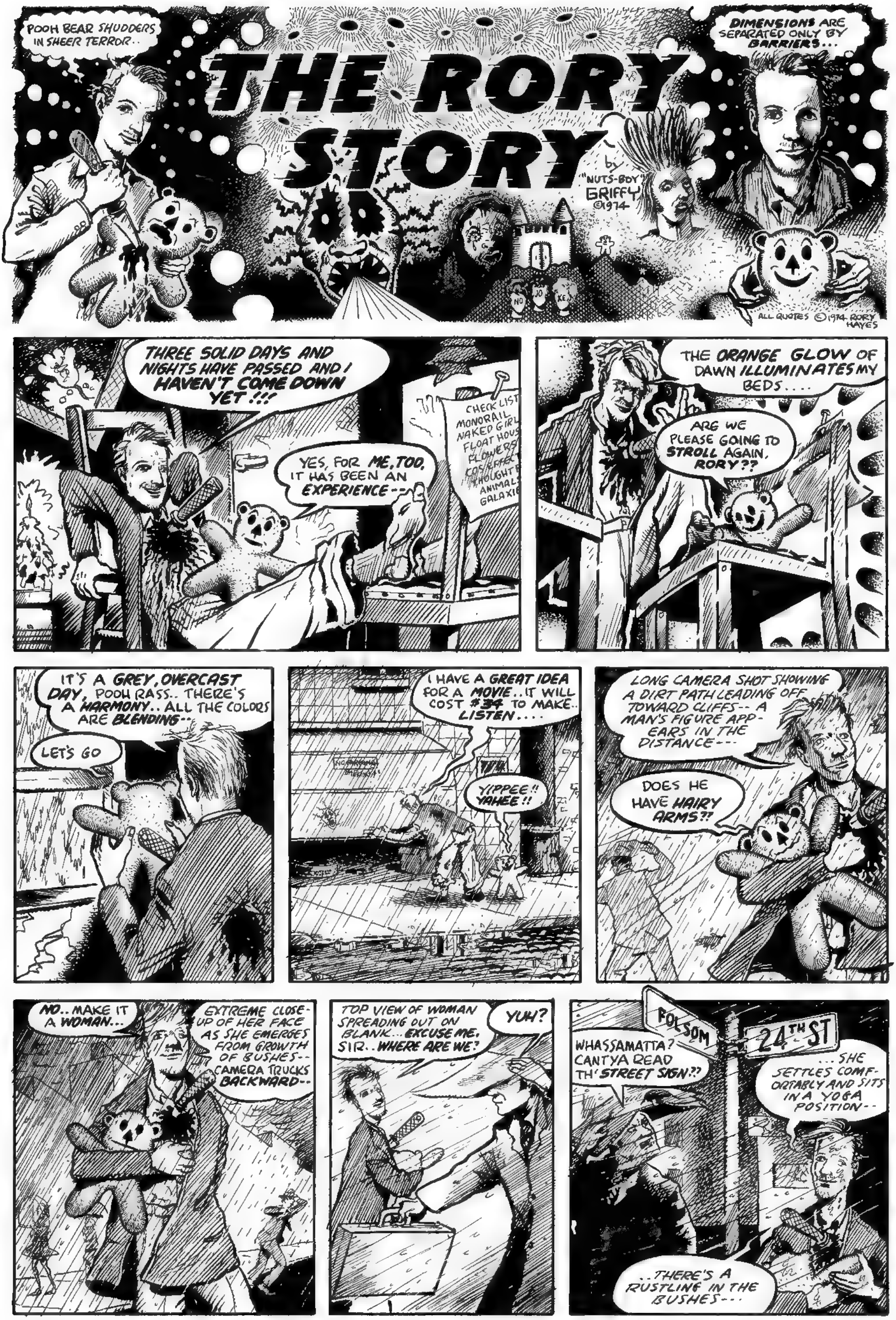

HAVE A DRINK, PORPY... THIS STUFF'S REALLY SMOOTH... GOES DOWN EASY...
I DON'T DRINK...
DON'T BE A SAP, PAL! GUYS LIKE YOU AN'ME WILL NEVER BE MORE THAN COMIC RELIEF TO THESE "BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE"!.. OH, I COULD TELL YOU A HARROWING TALE OR TWO ABOUT THAT HAUGHTY BITCH! A REAL BALL-BUSTER THROUGH'N' THROUGH!
MEEP
BUT I CAN DIG WHERE YOU'RE COMIN' FROM MAN... YOU SET YOUR SIGHTS ON THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM, THAT WAY YOU'RE SAFE... YOU NEVER GET CAUGHT IN THEIR CLUTCHES! ...BUT THEN, YOU NEVER GET LAID EITHER.... THERE'S GOTTA BE A BETTER WAY, PORPS, OL' BUDDY...
YES, YOU HAVE ME PEGGED, DOGGO...A RATHER NEUROTIC SYNDROME... STILL, I WISH YOU HADN'T BROUGHT UP THAT BUSINESS ABOUT THE PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIES...
HOW Y'DOIN', MODE? DRUNK YET??
I'M BORED! ALL THE GOOD MEN HERE ARE ALREADY TAKEN, AS USUAL...
YOU'RE RIGHT... THE AMBIENCE HERE BORDERS ON THE INSUFFERABLE...
YEAH, ALL TH' BITCHES HERE—
DOGGO!! I INSIST THAT YOU REFRAIN FROM USING THAT TERM IN MY PRESENSE!!
OOPS, SORRY! ALL TH' BROADS HERE ARE EITHER RETARDED AIRHEADS OR UGLY OLD HAGS OR BOTH... PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED, OF COURSE...
GHOD, YOU HAVE THE WORST ATTITUDE— BUT WHY WASTE MY BREATH? LISTEN, I NEED A RIDE HOME... IT WAS SUCH FUN ZIPPING OVER HERE WITH MARA ON HER SCOOTER, BUT I BELIEVE THE LITTLE DEAR HAS LEFTED ME STRANDED...
THE LAST I SAW OF HER SHE WAS BEING HUSTLED OUT THE DOOR BY A PAUNCHY MIDDLED-AGED MAN WHO KEPT STROKING HER ON THE ASS... A HORRID OLD MONSTER, BUT THAT'S HER BUSINESS...
PORPY'S GOT A CAR....
YES, I DO... AN UNDENIABLE FACT...
A VERY COMFORTABLE JAPANESE SEDAN, BUT POSSIBLY A BIT CRAMPED FOR ONE WITH SUCH LONG LEGS AS YOU, MODE... STILL, I'D BE DELIGHTED TO GIVE YOU A LIFT...
WELL, BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS... I'LL TAKE IT!
LET ME GET MY WRAP IN THE BEDROOM AND I'LL MEET YOU OUT FRONT!
ARE YOU COMING TOO??
'FRAID SO... I HAFTO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE HOST FINDS OUT I'M THE GUY THAT SPILLED THAT RED WINE ALL OVER THE BIG WHITE SOFA...

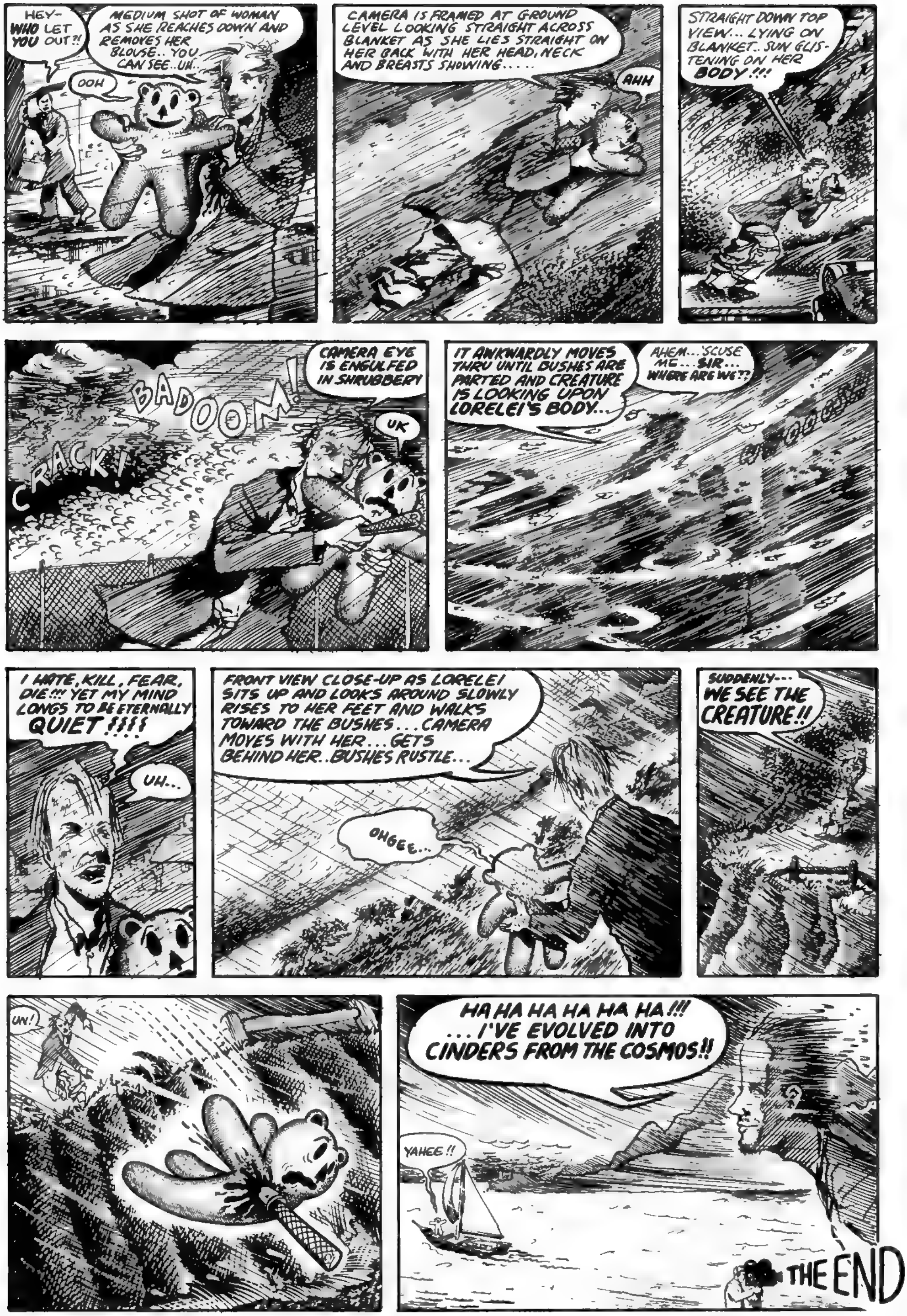

SO WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' SO HAPPY ABOUT?? YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA GET ANYTHING GOIN' WITH HER? DREAM ON, FOOL! I DON'T WANT TO BUM YOU OUT, BUT...UH...
HUH??
I JUST HATE TO SEE YOU, MY GOOD FRIEND, A NICE GUY, CHEWED UP AND SPIT OUT BY THAT— THAT NARCISSISTIC, SELF-CENTERED, UPWARD-STRIVING, PHONY, PRETENTIOUS—
DOGGO, LET'S GIVE MODE A LITTLE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE! SHE'S A REAL WOMAN WITH SOME FINE QUALITIES... AND IT'S NOT ENTIRELY OUT OF THE QUESTION THAT SHE MAY BE ABLE TO PERCIEVE IN ME SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE BEYOND MERE SURFACE APPEARANCES...
OY! WHAT A SCHMUCK!
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, BOYS...
BOOM
BOOM
I GOT HUNG UP TALKING TO A REALLY FASCINATING FILM-MAKER IN THERE... WE MADE A LUNCH DATE FOR NEXT WEEK... HE'S UP HERE DOING LOCATION WORK FOR BOB ALTMALT.... YOU KNOW, THE FAMOUS DIRECTOR!!
HE KNOWS SCADS OF MEDIA HEAVIES DOWN IN L.A....
—AND THEN HE SAID HE COULD EASILY GET ME WORK IN ROCK VIDEOS IF I'D BE WILLING TO COME TO L.A. FOR A FEW WEEKS...ISN'T THAT EXCITING???
BUT I PLAYED IT COOL...I FIGURED IT WOULDN'T LOOK VERY GOOD IF I SEEMED TOO EAGER... ...TSK! GHOD, YOU WERE CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THIS CAR...THERE'S NO LEG ROOM AT ALL!!
WHAT ARE ROCK VIDEOS, MODE?
YOU KNOW, MTV...
MTV?
OH COME ON, PORPY, YOU'RE NOT REALLY THAT OUT OF IT, ARE YOU??
HEY, DON'T KID YOURSELF, MODE! THIS DUDE IS ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF THE HIGH-TECH REVOLUTION! RIGHT, PORPS??
WELL, YES, THAT'S SOMEWHAT ACCURATE BUT IT MUST ALSO BE ADMITTED THERE ARE LOTS OF POP-CULTURE FADS THAT I AM COMPLETELY UNINFORMED ABOUT...
I FIND THAT KIND OF ONE-SIDEDNESS INEXCUSABLE! IT'S NOT HEALTHY...I THINK PEOPLE SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST A PASSING AWARENESS OF THE THINGS THAT ARE GOING ON AROUND THEM! OTHERWISE YOU JUST GET...WELL, STODGY AND NARROW MINDED.
YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, MODE...THAT IS AN EXTREMELY PERTINENT OBSERVATION! SOMEONE IN MY POSITION NEEDS TO BE INVOLVED WITH SOMEONE WHO IS MORE, SHALL WE SAY, IN THE WORLD, TO PREVENT THE SAID INDIVIDUAL FROM BECOMING OVERLY RECLUSIVE AND IMMERSED IN THEIR LITTLE HOBBIES, HABITS AND SO FORTH... SOMEONE TO HELP THEM EXPAND THEIR HORIZONS, AS IT WERE—
PORPY, WHAT EXACTLY IS THE POINT YOU ARE TRYING TO MAKE, DEAR?? I MEAN, I HATE TO APPEAR STCHEWPID BUT, REHLLY, YOU ARE SO OBTUSE AT TIMES...

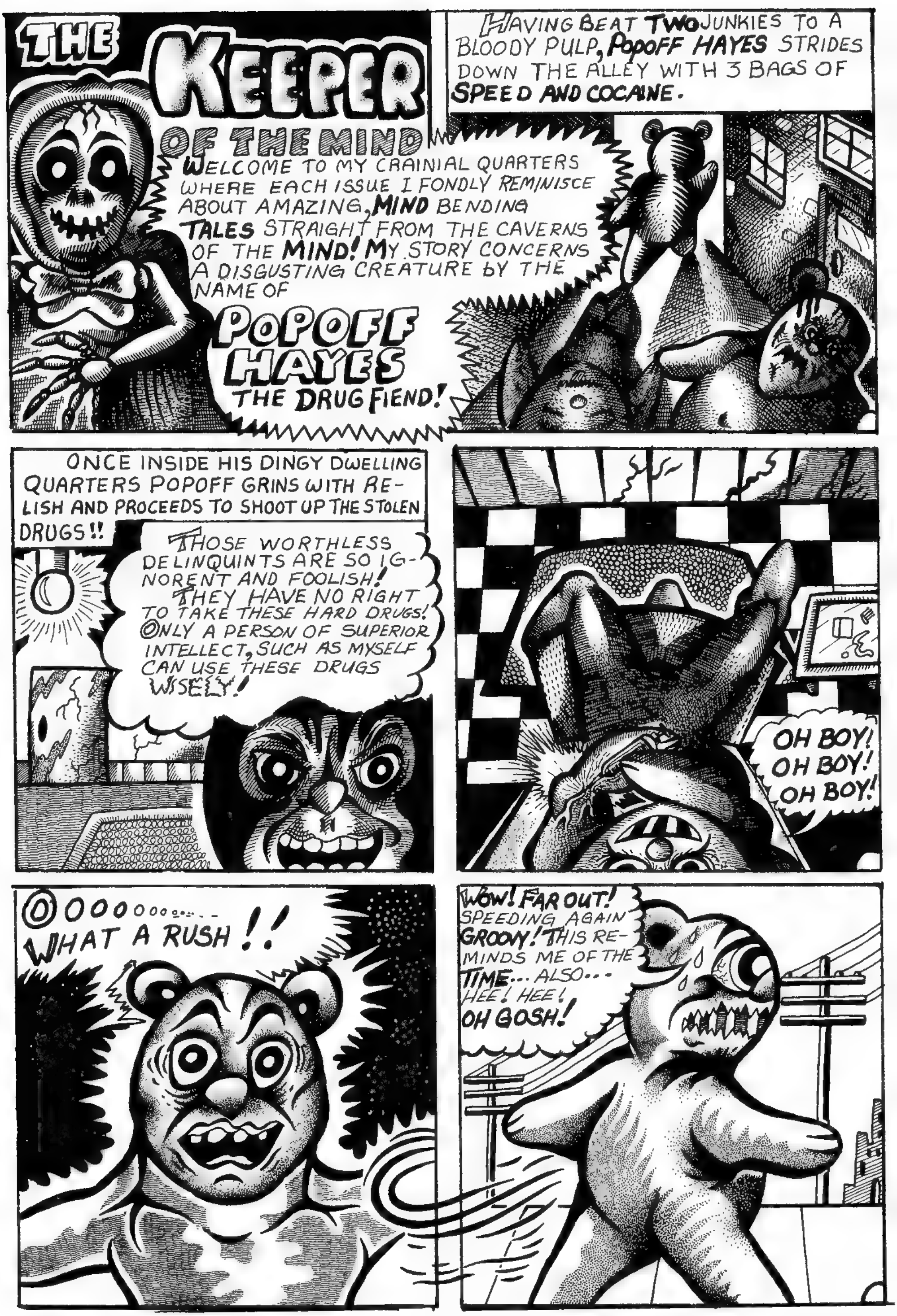

MARA, YOU'RE BACK ALREADY!
YEAH, I JUST GOT HERE A LITTLE WHILE AGO...
SO WHO WAS THAT MIDDLE-AGED MAN WHO WAS DROOLING ALL OVER YOU??
HIM? OH, HE WAS JUST SOME JERK WHO OWNS A CAR DEALERSHIP IN MILPITAS! WE WENT OUT TO HIS CAR AND SNORTED SOME COKE... HE WAS TOO SLEAZY EVEN FOR ME...
I BEAT A HASTY RETREAT ON MY VESPER — HI DOGGO!
HI MARA... HEY, PORPY HERE IS GONNA FIX YOU GALS UP WITH SOME FANCY VIDEO EQUIPMENT... RECORDER, MONITOR, THE WORKS!
ISN'T THAT GREAT?!
REALLY?? WOW! THAT'S TERRIFIC!
COSMO
YES, I'LL GET TO WORK ON IT FIRST THING NEXT WEEK, BUT I THINK WE SHOULD TRY TO CLARIFY JUST WHAT YOUR VIDEO NEEDS ARE SO THAT WHEN I START PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER I'LL... I'LL... I'LL...
I'M TELLIN' YA, THIS GUY IS A GENIUS WITH THIS STUFF!
OF COURSE, DAHLING! IT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU, BUT NOT TONIGHT, OKAY? I'M REHLLY EXHAUSTED!
SMOOCH
WE CAN DISCUSS IT OVER THE PHONE... WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME A CALL HERE ON MONDAY EVENING?! MY ANSWERING MACHINE WILL BE ON IF I'M OUT... YOU CAN LEAVE A MESSAGE...
MODE, I~I~I~
PORPY, WOULD YOU MIND?!? I HAVE A TRE-MEN-DOUS HEAD-ACHE RIGHT NOW!
GOD THE FOOD AT THAT PARTY TONIGHT WAS ATROCIOUS!
COME ON! LET'S GET GOIN'!
AL-RIGHT...
IT'S THAT VOICE... THAT COMPUTER-NERD MONOTONE THAT GOES ON AND ON...! I'M JUST BURNED OUT ON IT FOR ONE NIGHT, OKAY?
I MEAN, REHLLY...
I TOLD YOU SHE WAS BAD NEWS...
CALLED ME A COMPUTER-NERD! DID YOU HEAR THAT?? I'M DEEPLY UPSET!
AW RELAX!
ANYWAY, YOU ARE A COMPUTER NERD, LET'S FACE IT...
WELL, YES, I SUPPOSE I FIT THAT STEREOTYPE... IN FACT, AT OUR MEETINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE WE JOKE AMONG OURSELVES ABOUT THAT, BUT, STILL, IT IS CONSIDERED HIGHLY INSULTING IF SOMEONE ON THE OUTSIDE USES THE TERM...

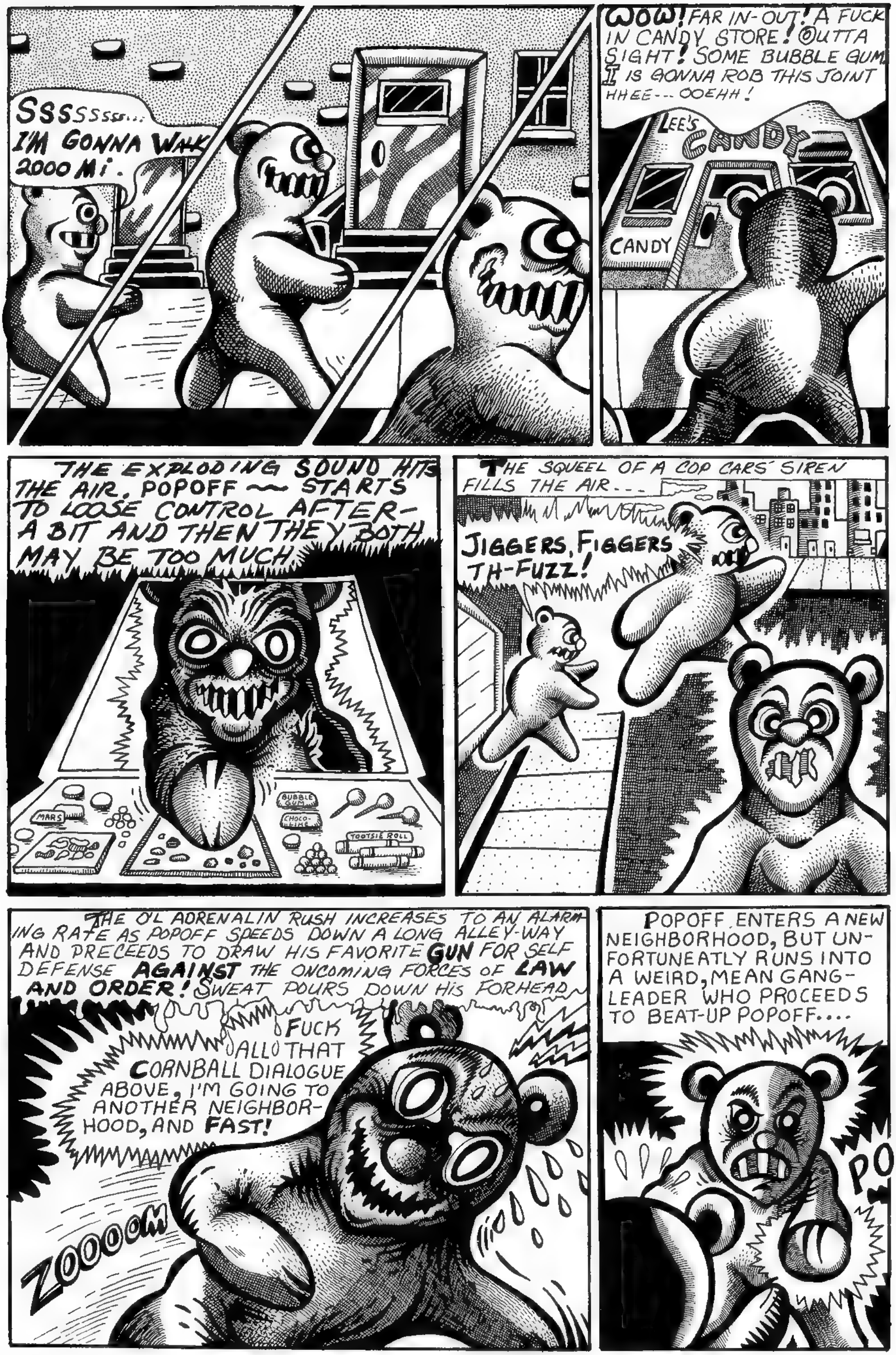

THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY EVENING
BRRZIT
I'LL GET IT... IT'S THAT COMPUTER NERD WHO'S IN LOVE WITH ME!
HI MODE...I'M HERE TO SET UP YOUR VIDEO EQUIPMENT AS I PROMISED... AND YOU CAN SEE I'M A MAN OF MY WORD...
MARVELOUS! OH THIS'S GOING TO BE SO MUCH FUN!!
MY GOD, YOU'RE GIVING US ALL THIS?! I HAD NO IDEA!
MUST BE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF STUFF HERE!
PORPY, REHLLY, YOU SHOULDN'T!
PUFF PANT
OH THIS IS JUST SOME OF THE JUNK WE'VE HAD SITTING AROUND IN THE STORAGE ROOM AT THE LAB...IT ISN'T EVEN STATE-OF-THE-ART, BUT IT'S ALL HIGH QUALITY AND WILL SERVE YOU WELL, I ASSURE YOU.
PORPY, DAHLING! I'M SIMPLY THRILLED...I'M SPEECHLESS, ACTUALLY!
ME TOO! I CAN'T WAIT TO PLAY WITH IT!
PORPY, MARA AND I DON'T WANT TO GET IN YOUR WAY WHILE YOU'RE WORKING SETTING UP THESE THINGS, SO WE'RE GOING OUT... YOU DON'T MIND BEING HERE ALONE, DO YOU, DEAR??
YEAH, WE DON'T WANNA DISTURB YER CONCENTRATION...
YOU GO AHEAD...I'LL JUST LET MYSELF OUT WHEN I'M DONE...
YOU'RE A REAL DOLL, PORPY! DON'T EVER CHANGE!
LISTEN, SOMETIME I'LL HAVE TO SHOW YOU HOW TO WORK ALL THESE KNOBS...
OF COURSE, DAHLING! GIVE ME A CALL... WE'LL SET UP A TIME... SEE YOU LATER!
YEH, SURE...
LATER THAT NIGHT
MANUEL, I'VE BEEN WANTING SOMEONE TO TAKE ME TO THE NEW MARINA FOR DIN-DIN...THE ATMOSPHERE IS SO TRE' ELEGANT!!
GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT, MODE... NICE LITTLE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE...
HELP YOURSELF TO A DRINK, MANUEL...I'M GOING TO GO CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE CASUAL... BE RIGHT OUT!
HEY, HOW 'BOUT THAT BLACK LACE UNDERWEAR YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT??
AH HA HA... WELL, MAYBE, IF YOU PROMISE TO BE A GOOD BOY!


IS THIS WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND, DAHLING?
MODE!! YOU ARE A-A STUNNING CREATURE! I... I...MUST USE YOU IN MY NEXT LAYOUT!!
OH YOU'RE JUST DRUNK!
NOT THAT DRUNK...YOU'LL SEE...I WON'T FORGET...AND SO ATHLETIC... A WORLD-CLASS PHYSIQUE, DEFINITELY!
YES, I WORK OUT RELIGIOUSLY, HONEY! THIS BODY IS MY ART, AND I'M QUITE DEVOTED TO IT!
HEY, I CAN DIG IT, BABY... LET ME...LET ME FEEL THOSE SUPPLE LIMBS... LET ME CARESS THOSE GRACEFUL CURVES... LET ME...
EEK...YOU PERVERT! DON'T MAKE ME FALL DOWN! GIGGLE!
MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN
THAT SLIMY HOG! LOOK AT 'IM,...UH-OH, NOW HE'S BENDING HER OVER!!
YES, HE IS QUITE DISGUSTING... BUT THEN, I'D BEHAVE IN A SIMILAR FASHION IF IT WAS ME...
CRUNCH CRUNCH
WHO'D'A' EVER SUSPECTED THAT TH' SNOOTY MODE KEPT SEXY SKIVVIES LIKE THAT HIDDEN IN HER BOOD-WARR! HAW....PORPY, THIS'S TH' GREATEST! YOU'RE A DEMENTED GENIUS, PAL!
OH OUCH!! MANUEL, YOU BRUTE!
SMEK SMEK SMEK
GASP!! NOW LOOK! HE'S SPANKING DEAR MODE ON HER FINE FIRM RUMP, AND SHE APPEARS TO BE ENJOYING IT!! I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE FEMALE...
LET ME USE THE ZOOM TO GET A LITTLE CLOSER IN ON THIS ACTION...
I TRUST YOU REALIZE THAT IF MIZ O'DAY EVER DISCOVERS THOSE HIDDEN CAMERAS AND MICROPHONES SHE'LL HAVE YOU LOCKED UP SO FAST—
I'M NOT WORRIED... THOSE DEVICES ARE SO TINY AND WELL DISGUISED, SHE'LL NEVER FIND THEM IN A MILLION YEARS...UH-OH, THEY'RE MOVING TO THE BEDROOM...WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP TO CAMERA THREE!
EEEK TEE HEE
GRRARR
CRUNCH
THIS SYSTEM IS FUNCTIONING BETTER THAN MY WILDEST EXPECTATIONS...I MUST CONFESS, DOGGO, MY FRIEND...AT HEART I'M A HOPELESS VOYEUR...AND, WELL, BASICALLY I PREFER WATCHING TO PARTICIPATION ANYWAY...
WHEW!! I WONDER HOW OFTEN YOU'RE GONNA GET A SHOW LIKE THIS!! HE'S TEARING INTO HER LIKE A WILD ANIMAL!!
OH, I'M RECORDING THIS, OF COURSE! I'LL BE ABLE TO PLAY IT BACK AGAIN AS OFTEN AS I LIKE...BY THE WAY, DO YOU WANT A COPY FOR YOURSELF, DOGGO?
UH...NAH...MODE'S NOT EXACTLY MY DREAM GIRL, BUT LISTEN, IF YOU GET ANYTHING GOOD ON THAT MARA, LET ME KNOW, WILL YA??
UNHH!!
OOHHH GOD...
ARNH...
END


POOH BEAR SHUDDERS IN SHEER TERROR..
THE RORY STORY
by "NUTS-BOY" GRIFFY ©1974
DIMENSIONS ARE SEPARATED ONLY BY BARRIERS...
NO
JO
KE
ALL QUOTES ©1974 RORY HAYES
THREE SOLID DAYS AND NIGHTS HAVE PASSED AND I HAVEN'T COME DOWN YET!!!
YES, FOR ME, TOO, IT HAS BEEN AN EXPERIENCE--
CHECK LIST
MONORAIL
NAKED GIRL
FLOAT HOUS
FLOWERS
COS EFFECT
THOUGHT
ANIMALS
GALAXIE
THE ORANGE GLOW OF DAWN ILLUMINATES MY BEDS....
ARE WE PLEASE GOING TO STROLL AGAIN, RORY??
IT'S A GREY, OVERCAST DAY, POOH RASS.. THERE'S A HARMONY.. ALL THE COLORS ARE BLENDING--
LET'S GO
I HAVE A GREAT IDEA FOR A MOVIE.. IT WILL COST $34 TO MAKE.. LISTEN....
YIPPEE!! YAHEE!!
LONG CAMERA SHOT SHOWING A DIRT PATH LEADING OFF TOWARD CLIFFS-- A MAN'S FIGURE APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE---
DOES HE HAVE HAIRY ARMS??
NO.. MAKE IT A WOMAN...
EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF HER FACE AS SHE EMERGES FROM GROWTH OF BUSHES-- CAMERA TRUCKS BACKWARD--
TOP VIEW OF WOMAN SPREADING OUT ON BLANK.. EXCUSE ME, SIR.. WHERE ARE WE?
YUH?
FOLSOM
24TH ST
WHASSAMATTA? CANTYA READ TH' STREET SIGN??
...SHE SETTLES COMFORTABLY AND SITS IN A YOGA POSITION--
..THERE'S A RUSTLING IN THE BUSHES---


HEY- WHO LET YOU OUT?!
MEDIUM SHOT OF WOMAN AS SHE REACHES DOWN AND REMOVES HER BLOUSE.. YOU CAN SEE..UH..
OOH
CAMERA IS FRAMED AT GROUND LEVEL LOOKING STRAIGHT ACROSS BLANKET AS SHE LIES STRAIGHT ON HER BACK WITH HER HEAD, NECK AND BREASTS SHOWING.....
AHH
STRAIGHT DOWN TOP VIEW... LYING ON BLANKET.. SUN GLISTENING ON HER BODY!!!
CAMERA EYE IS ENGULFED IN SHRUBBERY
BADOOM!
CRACK!
UK
IT AWKWARDLY MOVES THRU UNTIL BUSHES ARE PARTED AND CREATURE IS LOOKING UPON LORELEI'S BODY...
AHEM...'SCUSE ME... SIR... WHERE ARE WE?
I HATE, KILL, FEAR, DIE!!! YET MY MIND LONGS TO BE ETERNALLY QUIET!!!!
UH...
FRONT VIEW CLOSE-UP AS LORELEI SITS UP AND LOOKS AROUND SLOWLY RISES TO HER FEET AND WALKS TOWARD THE BUSHES... CAMERA MOVES WITH HER... GETS BEHIND HER.. BUSHES RUSTLE...
OHGEE...
SUDDENLY... WE SEE THE CREATURE!!
UN!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!! ...I'VE EVOLVED INTO CINDERS FROM THE COSMOS!!
YAHEE!!
THE END


THE KEEPER OF THE MIND
WELCOME TO MY CRAINIAL QUARTERS WHERE EACH ISSUE I FONDLY REMINISCE ABOUT AMAZING, MIND BENDING TALES STRAIGHT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MIND! MY STORY CONCERNS A DISGUSTING CREATURE BY THE NAME OF POPOFF HAYES THE DRUG FIEND!
HAVING BEAT TWO JUNKIES TO A BLOODY PULP, POPOFF HAYES STRIDES DOWN THE ALLEY WITH 3 BAGS OF SPEED AND COCAINE.
ONCE INSIDE HIS DINGY DWELLING QUARTERS POPOFF GRINS WITH RELISH AND PROCEEDS TO SHOOT UP THE STOLEN DRUGS!!
THOSE WORTHLESS DELINQUINTS ARE SO IGNORENT AND FOOLISH! THEY HAVE NO RIGHT TO TAKE THESE HARD DRUGS! ONLY A PERSON OF SUPERIOR INTELLECT, SUCH AS MYSELF CAN USE THESE DRUGS WISELY!
OH BOY! OH BOY! OH BOY!
OOOOOOOO..... WHAT A RUSH!!
WOW! FAR OUT! SPEEDING AGAIN GROOVY! THIS REMINDS ME OF THE TIME... ALSO... HEE! HEE! OH GOSH!

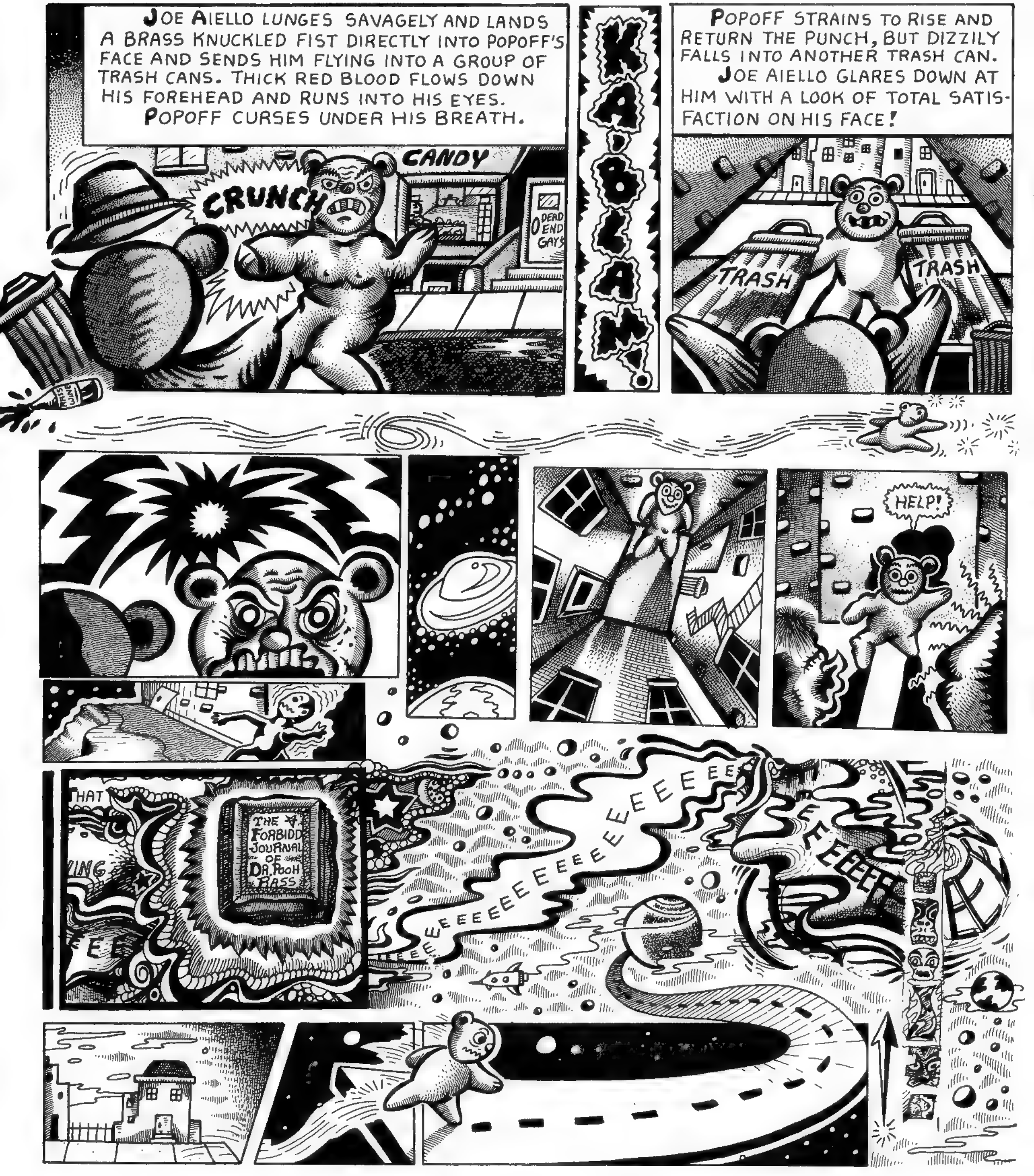

SSSSSSS...
I'M GONNA WALK 2000 Mi.
WOW! FAR IN-OUT! A FUCKIN CANDY STORE! OUTTA SIGHT! SOME BUBBLE GUM I IS GONNA ROB THIS JOINT HHEE--- OOEHH!
LEE'S CANDY
CANDY
THE EXPLODING SOUND HITS THE AIR. POPOFF ~~ STARTS TO LOOSE CONTROL AFTER-A BIT AND THEN THEY BOTH MAY BE TOO MUCH
MARS
BUBBLE GUM
CHOCO-LIME
TOOTSIE ROLL
THE SQUEEL OF A COP CARS' SIREN FILLS THE AIR...
JIGGERS, FIGGERS TH-FUZZ!
THE O'L ADRENALIN RUSH INCREASES TO AN ALARMING RATE AS POPOFF SPEEDS DOWN A LONG ALLEY-WAY AND PRECEEDS TO DRAW HIS FAVORITE GUN FOR SELF DEFENSE AGAINST THE ONCOMING FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER! SWEAT POURS DOWN HIS FORHEAD
FUCK ALL THAT CORNBALL DIALOGUE ABOVE, I'M GOING TO ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD, AND FAST!
ZOOOOM
POPOFF ENTERS A NEW NEIGHBORHOOD, BUT UNFORTUNEATLY RUNS INTO A WEIRD, MEAN GANG-LEADER WHO PROCEEDS TO BEAT-UP POPOFF....
POW!

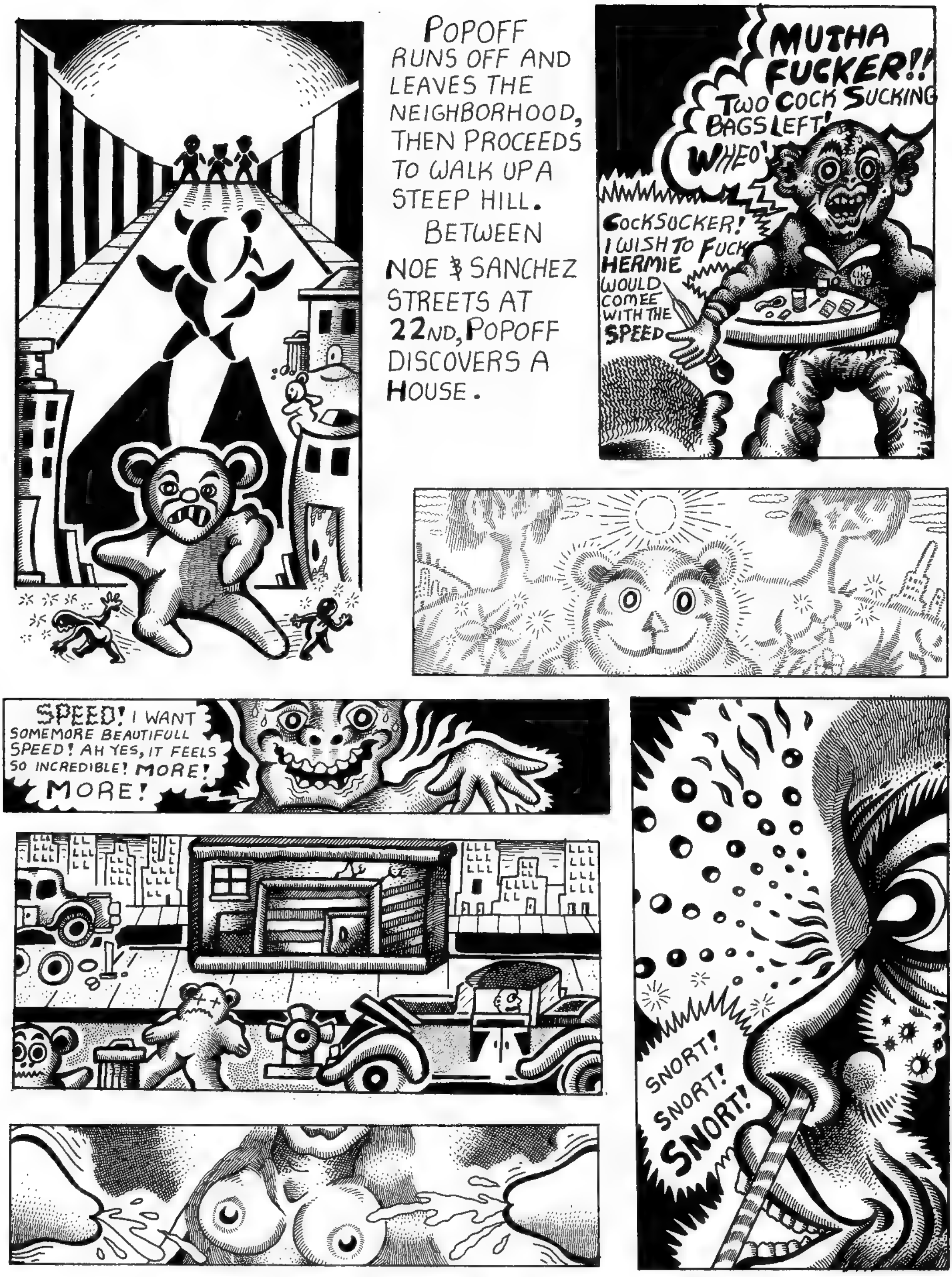
JOE AIELLO LUNGES SAVAGELY AND LANDS A BRASS KNUCKLED FIST DIRECTLY INTO POPOFF'S FACE AND SENDS HIM FLYING INTO A GROUP OF TRASH CANS. THICK RED BLOOD FLOWS DOWN HIS FOREHEAD AND RUNS INTO HIS EYES.

POPOFF CURSES UNDER HIS BREATH.

POPOFF STRAINS TO RISE AND RETURN THE PUNCH, BUT DIZZILY FALLS INTO ANOTHER TRASH CAN.

JOE AIELLO GLARES DOWN AT HIM WITH A LOOK OF TOTAL SATISFACTION ON HIS FACE!

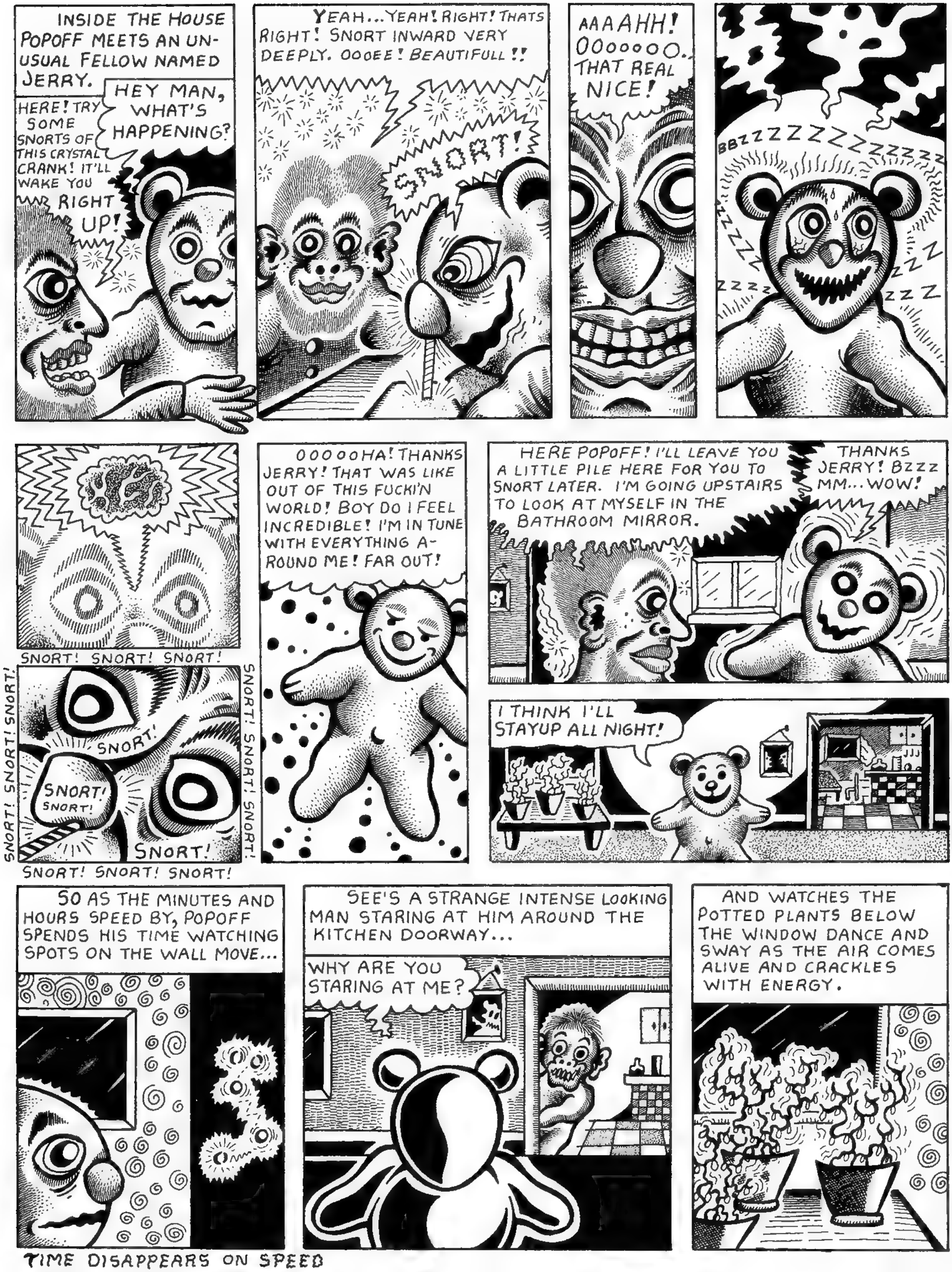

CRUNCH
CANDY
DEAD END GAYS
KA-BLAM!
TRASH
TRASH
HELP!
THAT
ING
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
THE FORBIDD JOURNAL OF DR. POOH BASS

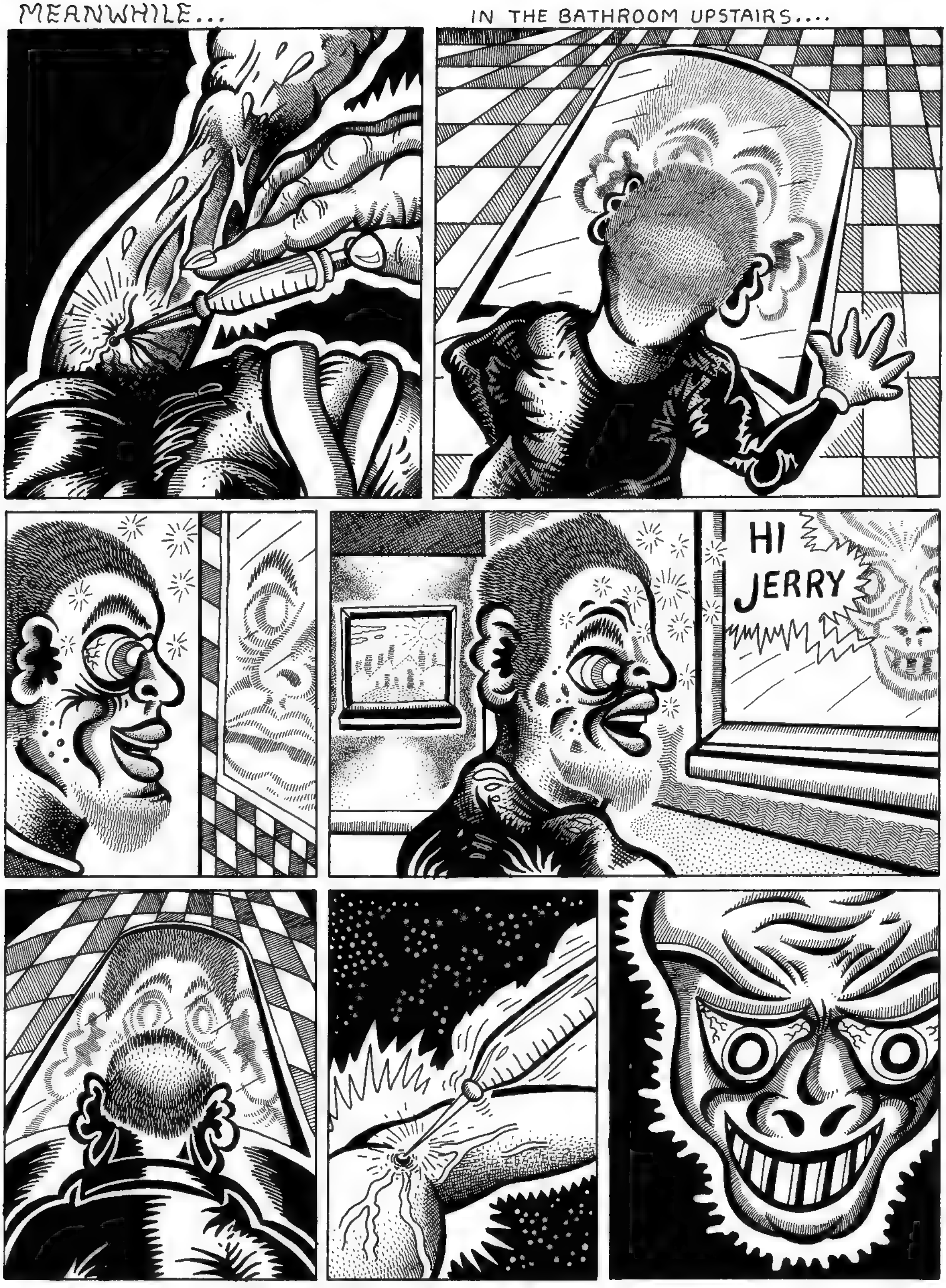


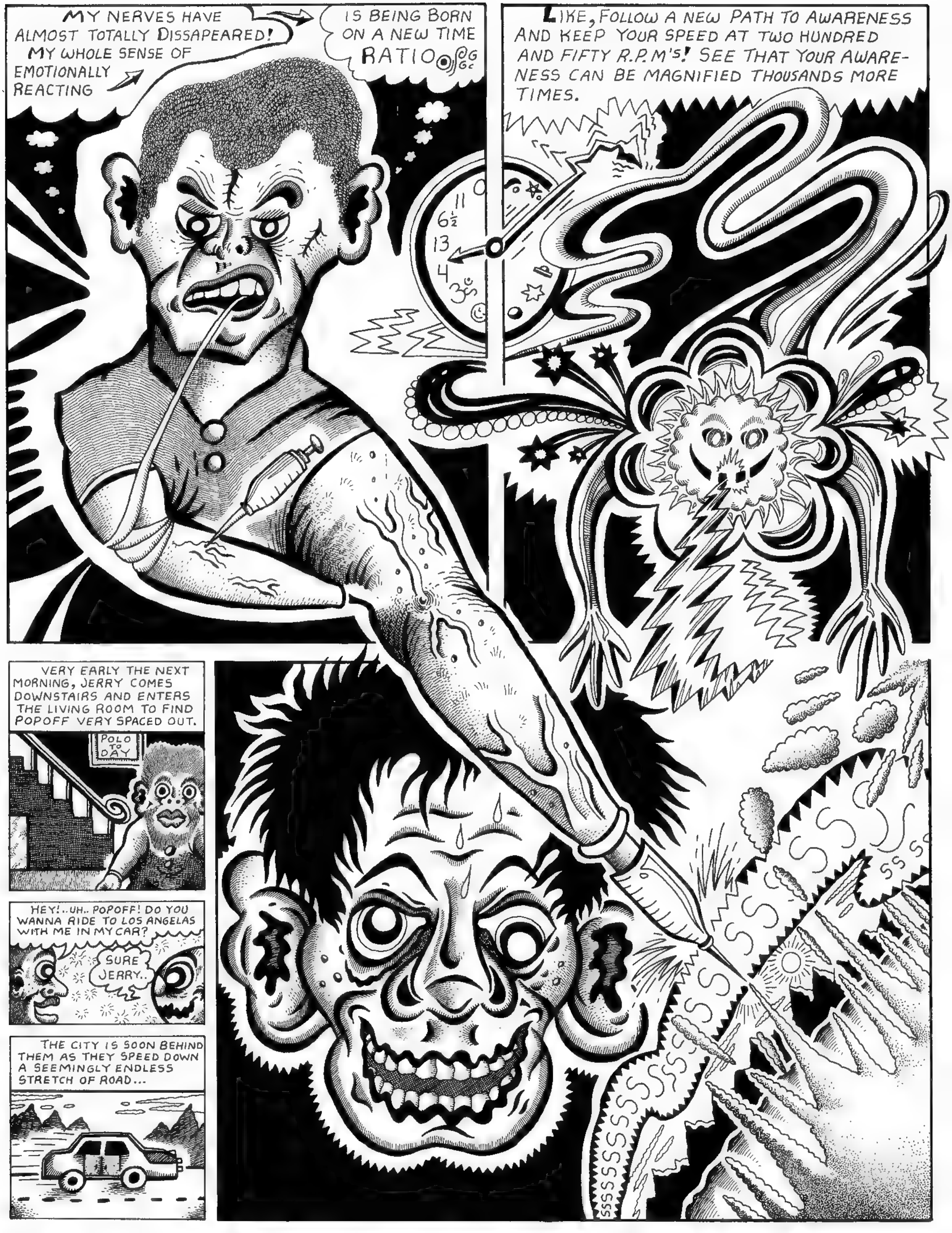
POPOFF RUNS OFF AND LEAVES THE NEIGHBORHOOD, THEN PROCEEDS TO WALK UP A STEEP HILL.

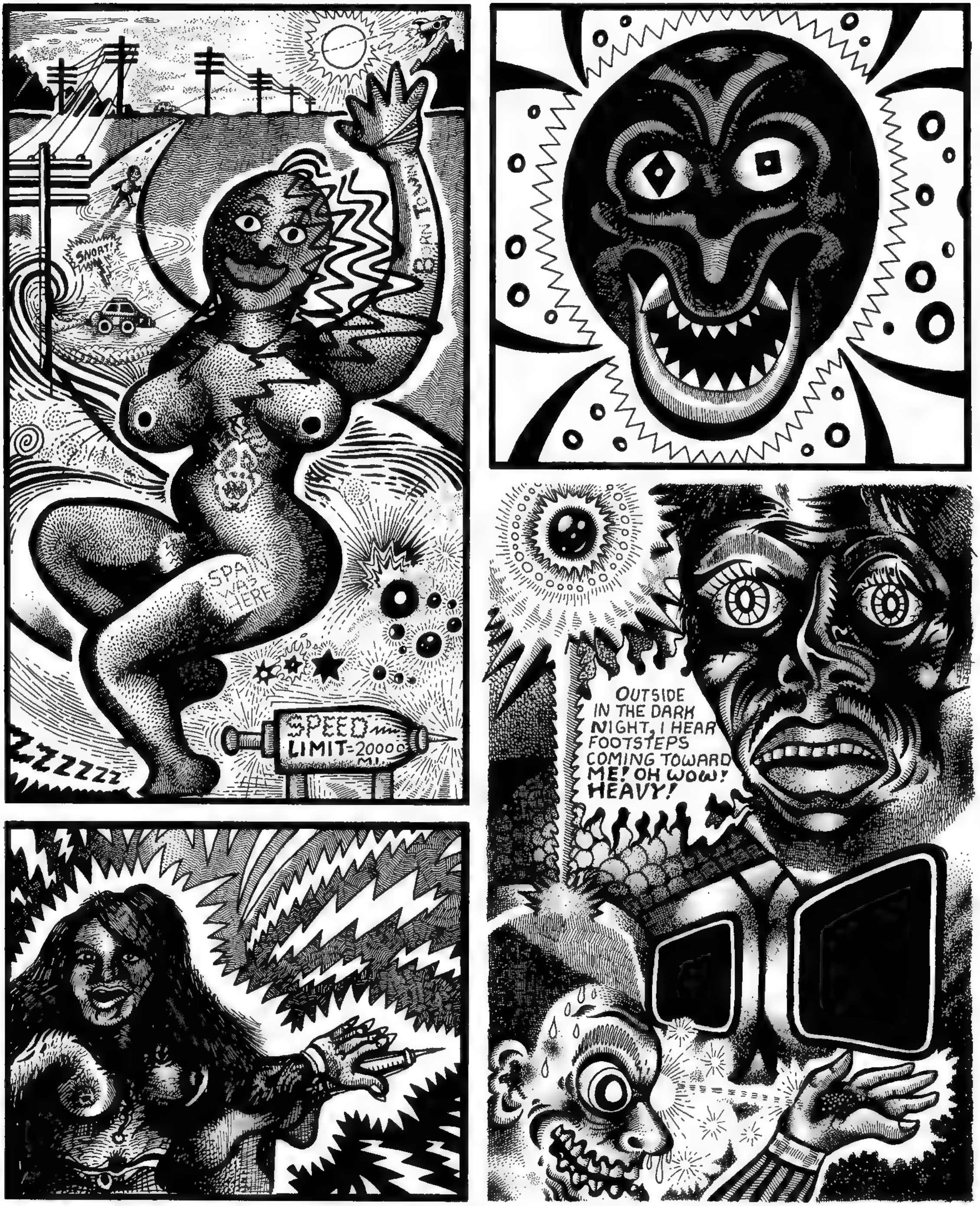
BETWEEN NOE & SANCHEZ STREETS AT 22ND, POPOFF DISCOVERS A HOUSE.

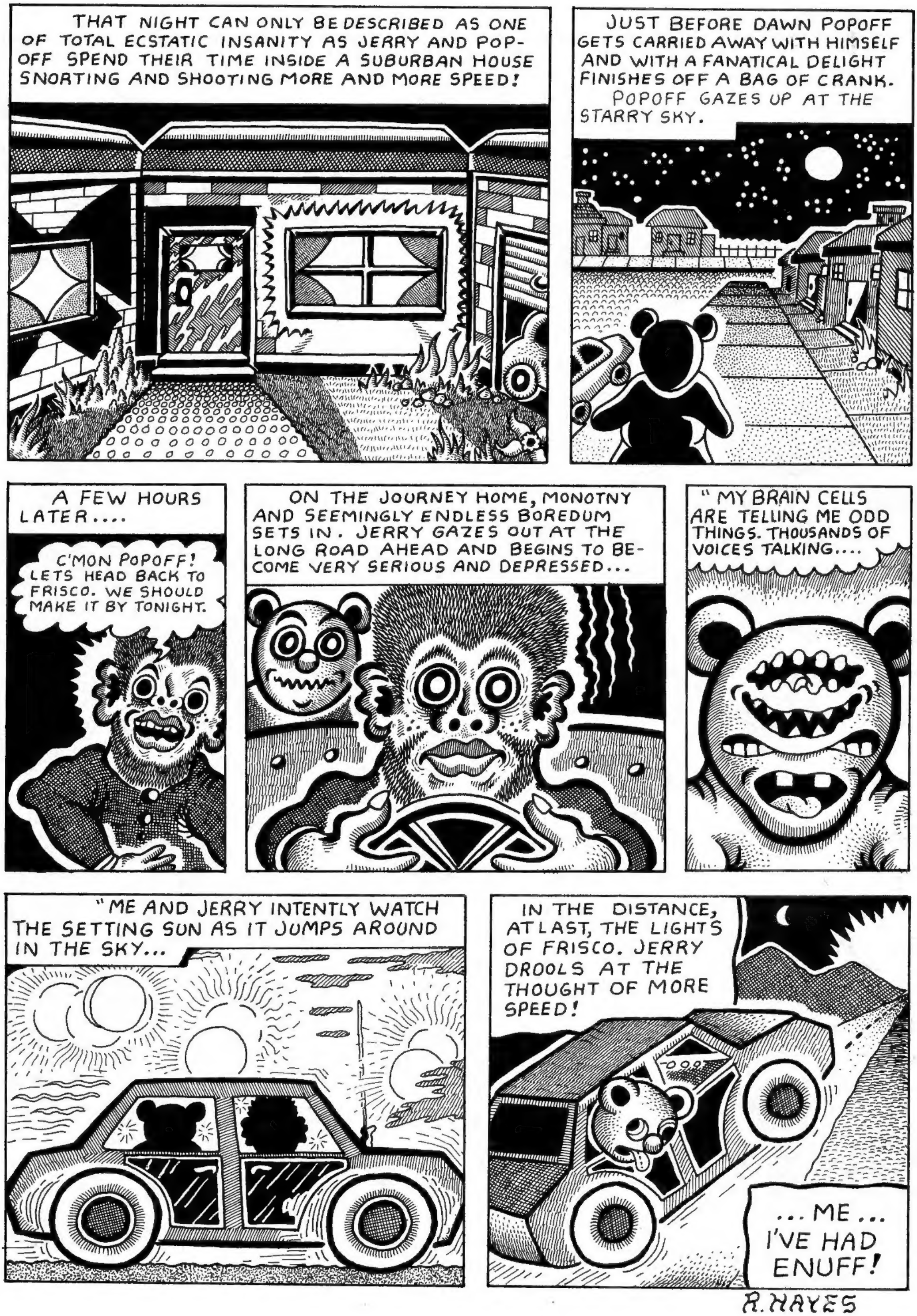
MUTHA FUCKER!! TWO COCK SUCKING BAGS LEFT! WHEO!
COCKSUCKER! I WISH TO FUCK HERMIE WOULD COMEE WITH THE SPEED
SPEED! I WANT SOMEMORE BEAUTIFULL SPEED! AH YES, IT FEELS SO INCREDIBLE! MORE! MORE!
SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!

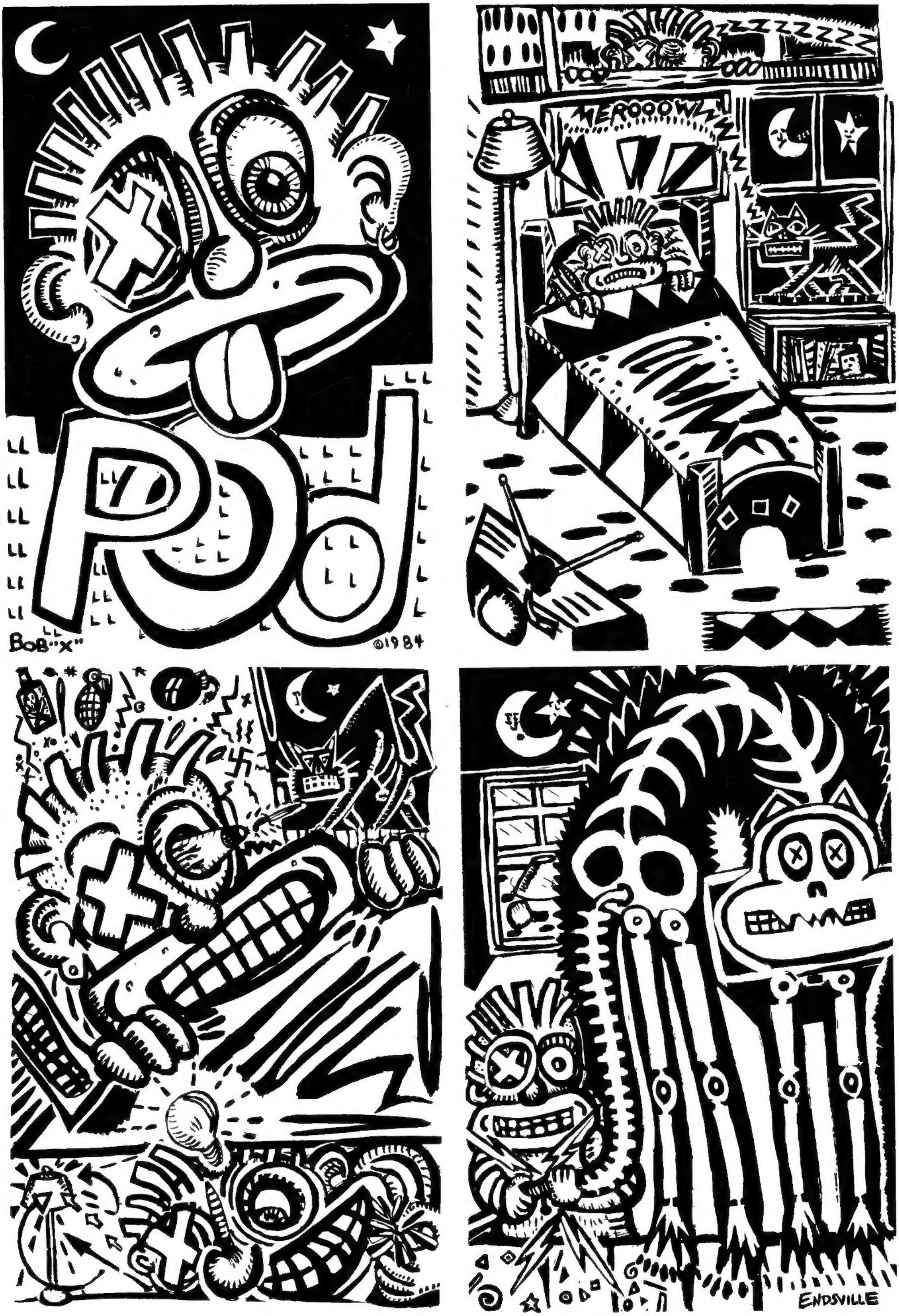

INSIDE THE HOUSE POPOFF MEETS AN UNUSUAL FELLOW NAMED JERRY.
HEY MAN, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HERE! TRY SOME SNORTS OF THIS CRYSTAL CRANK! IT'LL WAKE YOU RIGHT UP!
YEAH...YEAH! RIGHT! THATS RIGHT! SNORT INWARD VERY DEEPLY. OOOEE! BEAUTIFULL!!
SNORT!
AAAAHH! OOooooO.. THAT REAL NICE!
BBZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
ZZZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZ
ZZZ
SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!
SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!
SNORT!
SNORT!
SNORT!
SNORT!
SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!
SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!
SNORT! SNORT! SNORT!
OOOOOHA! THANKS JERRY! THAT WAS LIKE OUT OF THIS FUCKI'N WORLD! BOY DO I FEEL INCREDIBLE! I'M IN TUNE WITH EVERYTHING AROUND ME! FAR OUT!
HERE POPOFF! I'LL LEAVE YOU A LITTLE PILE HERE FOR YOU TO SNORT LATER. I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO LOOK AT MYSELF IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR.
THANKS JERRY! BZZZ MM...WOW!
I THINK I'LL STAYUP ALL NIGHT!
SO AS THE MINUTES AND HOURS SPEED BY, POPOFF SPENDS HIS TIME WATCHING SPOTS ON THE WALL MOVE...
SEE'S A STRANGE INTENSE LOOKING MAN STARING AT HIM AROUND THE KITCHEN DOORWAY...
WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?
AND WATCHES THE POTTED PLANTS BELOW THE WINDOW DANCE AND SWAY AS THE AIR COMES ALIVE AND CRACKLES WITH ENERGY.
TIME DISAPPEARS ON SPEED


MEANWHILE...
IN THE BATHROOM UPSTAIRS....
HI JERRY

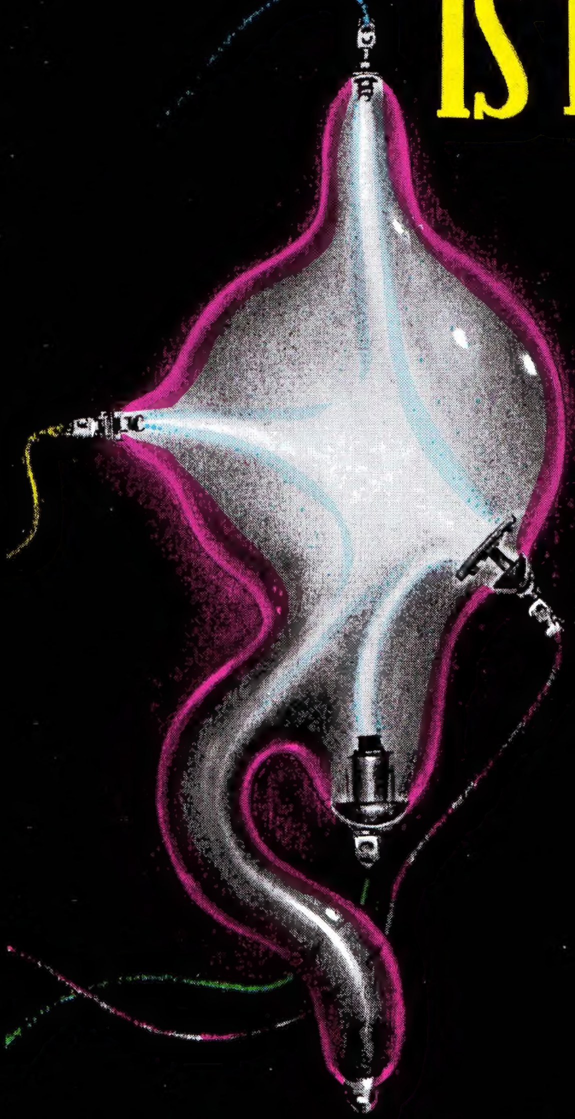

MY NERVES HAVE ALMOST TOTALLY DISSAPEARED! MY WHOLE SENSE OF EMOTIONALLY REACTING
IS BEING BORN ON A NEW TIME RATIO
LIKE, FOLLOW A NEW PATH TO AWARENESS AND KEEP YOUR SPEED AT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY R.P.M'S! SEE THAT YOUR AWARENESS CAN BE MAGNIFIED THOUSANDS MORE TIMES.
0
11
6½
13
4
VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JERRY COMES DOWNSTAIRS AND ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM TO FIND POPOFF VERY SPACED OUT.
POLO TO DAY
HEY!..UH.. POPOFF! DO YOU WANNA RIDE TO LOS ANGELAS WITH ME IN MY CAR?
SURE JERRY..
THE CITY IS SOON BEHIND THEM AS THEY SPEED DOWN A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS STRETCH OF ROAD...

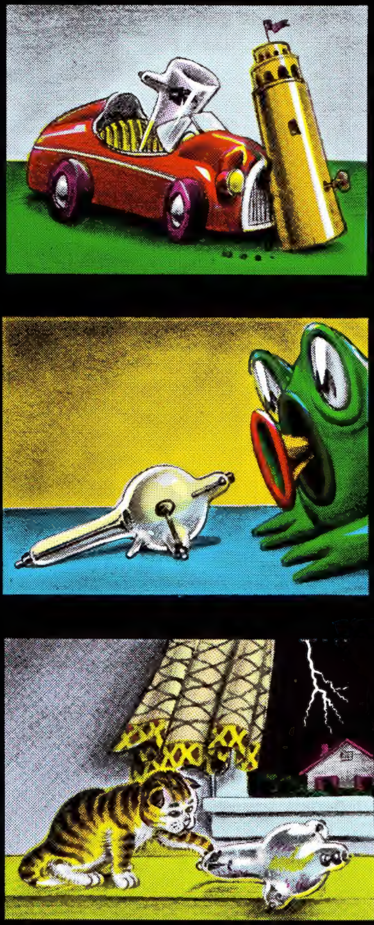

SNORT!
BORN TO WIN
SPAIN WAS HERE
SPEED LIMIT=2000 MI
ZZZZZZ
OUTSIDE IN THE DARK NIGHT, I HEAR FOOTSTEPS COMING TOWARD ME! OH WOW! HEAVY!


THAT NIGHT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS ONE OF TOTAL ECSTATIC INSANITY AS JERRY AND POPOFF SPEND THEIR TIME INSIDE A SUBURBAN HOUSE SNORTING AND SHOOTING MORE AND MORE SPEED!
JUST BEFORE DAWN POPOFF GETS CARRIED AWAY WITH HIMSELF AND WITH A FANATICAL DELIGHT FINISHES OFF A BAG OF CRANK. POPOFF GAZES UP AT THE STARRY SKY.
A FEW HOURS LATER....
C'MON POPOFF! LETS HEAD BACK TO FRISCO. WE SHOULD MAKE IT BY TONIGHT.
ON THE JOURNEY HOME, MONOTNY AND SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BOREDUM SETS IN. JERRY GAZES OUT AT THE LONG ROAD AHEAD AND BEGINS TO BECOME VERY SERIOUS AND DEPRESSED...
"MY BRAIN CELLS ARE TELLING ME ODD THINGS. THOUSANDS OF VOICES TALKING....
"ME AND JERRY INTENTLY WATCH THE SETTING SUN AS IT JUMPS AROUND IN THE SKY...
IN THE DISTANCE, AT LAST, THE LIGHTS OF FRISCO. JERRY DROOLS AT THE THOUGHT OF MORE SPEED!
... ME ... I'VE HAD ENUFF!
R. HAYES


POD
BOB "X"
©1984
ZZZZZZZZZ
MEROOOWL
ENDSVILLE

IS THIS YOU?





ARE YOU SNITCHING ON THE MAGIC FINGER OF ELECTRICITY? ARE YOU COLD, LUMINOUS, DELICATE? ARE YOU ALWAYS IN TROUBLE? DO YOU FEEL ESPRÍT RESPIRING IN YOUR DEPTHS? DO YOU ATTRACT BUGS? THEN READ **WEIRDO**, AND GLOW IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU ARE NOT ALONE!

J.W.

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CW.